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Vol. CLXXVIII No. 2323 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC JULY 29 1944

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Volume CLXXVIII No. 2323

The SPHERE, London, July 29, 1944

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

THE PRIME MINISTER IN NORMANDY FOR THE SECOND TIME: MR. CHURCHILL'S THREE-DAY TOUR. WITH GENERAL SIR BERNARD MONTGOMERY AT THE LATTER'S HEADQUARTERS DURING Note the C.-in-C.'s umbrella—a new touch!

Mr. Churchill has just made a three-day tour of the liberated areas in Normandy—his second visit to the battlefield since the invasion. He was accompanied by General Ismay and other members of his personal staff. During the visit the Prime Minister had several conferences with General Montgomery, and on Saturday last drove with him into Caen. Mr. Churchill also visited Cherbourg and, accompanied by Lieut.-General Lee of the U.S. Army, was shown the progress made in clearing the port. Whilst in the British Army area, the Prime Minister saw some of the scenes of the most recent fighting: at several R.A.F. airfields he addressed the men. Visits were also made to the beaches, where the arrangements for disembarking troops and stores were inspected. The first visit to France was made by Mr. Churchill on June 12, six days after the invasion, when he toured the beaches and fighting areas with General Smuts and Field-Marshal Sir Alan Brooke

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A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 256

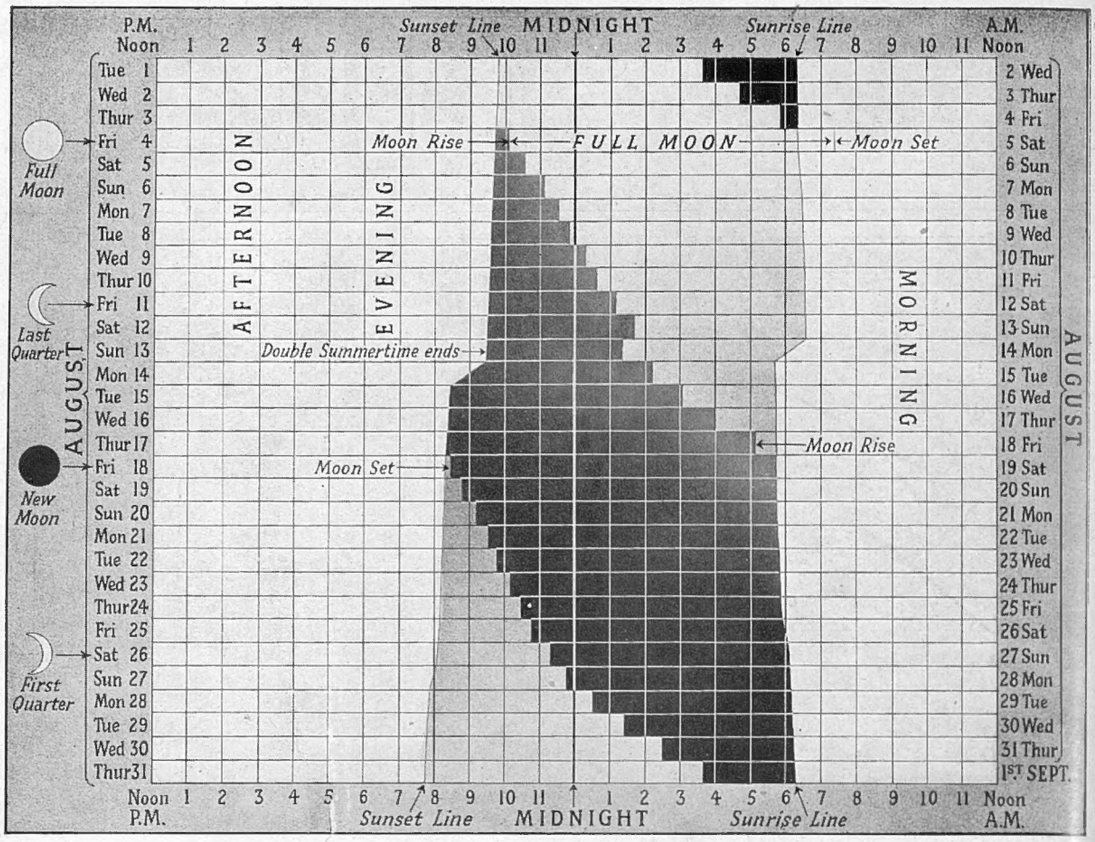
1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1

They Missed Their Führer.

—My little prophecy that the big guns of the Nazi regime would cheat the hangman and were more likely to die by the hands of "enthusiastic amateurs" of their own nation or of enslaved nations, was hardly in print before the first authentic attempt by German assassins to put an end to their inspired leader was made—and bungled. I still maintain my dislike of assassination, even in the case of vermin like Hitler. I can never make a hero of Brutus or Felton, nor a heroine of Charlotte Corday. But facts are facts. Hitler knows now he is only "half a hero" in the Reich, and may suspect that more than half his former worshippers now regard him as an incubus and a danger, better put out of the way. So much for all his hard work and inspiration. He knows, too—and so do the gang and the Germans—that this is only the first attempt, and that the German Army, fighting for survival, is composed of elements totally disloyal and already of sufficient strength to stage a *coup d'état*. There will be a blood-bath—and that won't lead to renewed loyalty and confidence and unanimity in the Army or the nation. Myself, I am glad the attempt failed. Partly because I loathe assassins. But more because I feel that Hitler should live on for a while. He has not yet suffered enough for his crimes, although for a year he has been constantly on the rack, in torture beyond the power of men to devise. Moreover, for a year or more, he has been the most valuable agent of Allied success. His "intuitions" have done wonders for our cause.

Normandy and Italy.

—In the middle of July, the nation began to observe a phenomenon familiar enough in our invasions and advances—a temporary arrest of progress. As in the first invasion of Italy, so in Normandy, the first stage went better than was hoped. Certainly Cherbourg fell more quickly than the public expected or, for that matter, the enemy. Whether or not it was in Eisenhower's wildest hopes that Caen could be taken in the first stride, we do not know. There were indications of such a hope. It was not so. The open country beyond, so favourable for the manœuvre of superior armour, is still beyond our reach. (The flying bomb can claim no share in this respite for the Nazis.) To a great extent, the weather has been to blame. June and July have been abnormal months, bitterly disappointing to the air forces. An almost perpetual blanket of mist has lain over Normandy and cut down the work of our bombers to a minimum. The most pessimistic could not have foreseen such conditions, and even temperate forecasts have been upset. In Italy, too, the weather has continued unkind. The fact remains that somehow, despite the transport difficulties forced on Rommel, and despite the assurances we have been given that the Nazi armies in Italy were definitely broken, the enemy has been able to check our advances in both theatres for much longer than was expected. It is a phase, perhaps inevitable from a purely administrative point of view alone. To those easily discouraged, let us remember that the Cassino check was followed by a Nazi rout 100 miles beyond Rome; that the sun must shine again some day soon; that the Allies must, and will, soon roll on, on the basis perhaps of "Stop and go," but on the basis also of a mathematical certainty; which I dare say will have worked out before these lines see print. Nay, before the ink was dry on the MS. of this paragraph, Leghorn and Ancona were in the Allied bag, St. Lo was clear of the enemy and our tanks were streaming out into the open country six miles south and east of the graveyard and ruins of what was Caen. While in the East the active front was 800 miles long, and the Red Army flowing relentlessly, like molten iron down an inclined plane, to lick up Lvov, Brest-Litovsk, the Prussian frontier and half the Baltic States.



"THE SPHERE" MOONLIGHT CHART FOR THE MONTH OF AUGUST showing the period of no moonlight and the period when the moon will be at its full

A limited number of these charts will be supplied free of charge on application to the Publisher, "The Sphere," Commonwealth House 1, New Oxford Street, W.C.1, but 2½d. in stamps must be enclosed with the application

House of Lords—Cranks' Day.

—The debate in the House of Lords last week on the punishment of war criminals greatly enhanced the reputation of that House as a School Debating Society. The well-known protagonists opposed each other, the well-worn arguments were rolled out again. Lord Vansittart "played 'Ercles rarely," and the Bishop of Chichester opposed him with Christian patience and quite unepiscopal moral courage. And Lord Cranborne displayed extraordinary deference to Lord Vansittart and his notable discoveries about the nature of the Blond Beast. "First catch your hare and then kill and cook it to taste" is a maxim which perhaps cannot be expected to point "a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." Words, words. . . . Meanwhile the parallel columns of God's and Stalin's avenging forces go marching on, and every day one more criminal cheats Lord Vansittart's hangman, and pays his debt to humanity, and, for all we know, in full. There is no need of words. We require all our breath to catch our hares. We have plenty of Allies now, and it is reasonable that he who catches a hare shall cook and eat it as best suits his palate. Some like to eat it raw. Others prefer to smack their lips in preparation. What is perfectly clear (and needs no urging) is that a vast majority of the British race is determined that Nazism shall be obliterated and all participants in the unspeakable crimes of the regime, high or humble, who *can* be apprehended, shall be tried and, on conviction, hanged. The small minority which is bored by Lord Vansittart is not really composed of Germanophiles, weaklings, sentimentalists and cranks. It is composed of realists who appreciate the difficulties ahead and of admirers of the British conception of Justice, who would not have that conception tarnished in a world-wide heresy hunt and vendetta of vengeance.

"Vengeance is Mine."—

I like to read of the trains besieged by refugees trying to get clear of Königsberg, and of the long, long trail back by road to Germany from the new lands of the greater Reich. It was *breve gaudium* for the all-conquering Hun; the sweets of the looting have been brief enough. The prams and wheelbarrows can hardly hold any compensating assets for this new uprooting. Myself, I still believe that in the matter of judgment and punishment God is the only professional, and men all fumbling amateurs. Heaven punishes and judges impartially nations and individuals: the individuals for specified crimes against humanity; the nations for their failure to accept and discharge the responsibility of citizenship, which comprises taking an active part in government and government policy, on lines of prudence and reasonable unselfishness and based on Christian principles. We as a nation have in the past five years been judged and punished and stoically borne our punishment, which has been heavy enough, but less heavy than if our failure had been due to arrogance and ambition and cruelty and not to lethargy and petty selfishness. The punishment of the German nation has been, and will continue to be, much heavier. Already they are paying twice over for every crime that can be charged up to them as a nation, and paying for the crimes and errors of their chosen leaders and instruments. But those leaders are not escaping individual punishment. While the Allied Governments fumble and argue about the means of judging and punishing the guilty, the guilty are writhing on Heaven's rack. Hitler stands in a corner, wearing a fool's-cap, and knows himself for what he is—an amateur in war, an urchin in diplomacy, a complete and indescribable flop. And the smaller fry—Mussolini, Goebbels, the peacock Ribbentrop, the bloated Göring, and the rest—they have gone to bed with their boasts and lies and pride and vanity, and are tumbling and turning on a rumpled pillow filled with thorns. This is the professional's art of punishment. The amateur fumbles with the idea of hanging them. To hang them is to reprieve them from the rack and agony of their consciousness of ludicrous and utter failure.

Sirens for Ever.

—I suppose it is true that the One Minute Silences on Novembers 11 failed to remind us of our obligations to the dead of the war of 1914-18. It doubtless reminded us of those who died, but not of the object for which they died. We betrayed them and let in another war within a generation. Now, since Silence failed, a writer in the *Daily Telegraph* suggests that we should try the effect of noise. "The sirens shall not be dismantled, but retained in order that every year on a certain day the Alert shall be sounded at 11.55 and continue until noon." Myself, I have always found my mind and memory work better under conditions of silence. I am not on the side of the sirens. Shall we not have had enough noise by Armistice Day to ensure that silence will be *felt*? I should prefer that this valuable reminder that war is neither pleasant nor useful and should be prevented, might be the responsibility of the B.B.C. They might have an annual children's hour devoted to recordings of Hitler's earlier speeches, with some pops and wheezes from the Recording Van thrown in as light relief. Then you and I (who mean to remember) need not listen to the noises.

Views on a Drought Year.

—Under the most cheerless possible conditions we have been making up for rainless months in my part of the country. We have painfully and slightly improved on a monthly average of 1⅓ in., or 16 ins. in a year. (Our average has for ten years been in the neighbourhood of 36 ins.) Meanwhile, a correspondent from another part of England writes: "In fifty years I can remember but one or two years so wet. I can reasonably expect my rainfall by the end of December to be round about 85 ins. The evacuees from the south will probably return web-footed." (Some of them were not regarded as "little ducks" on arrival.) I fancy there is not, and has never been, such a thing as a *national* drought year. Droughts are local. Perhaps a steady average has always fallen on the British Isles, taken as a whole. When "Sweet Thames flows softly," probably sweet Eden or sweet Tyne is in constant spate. Some have droughts, and doodles; some downpours. You pay your money and take your choice.

THE OLD STAGER

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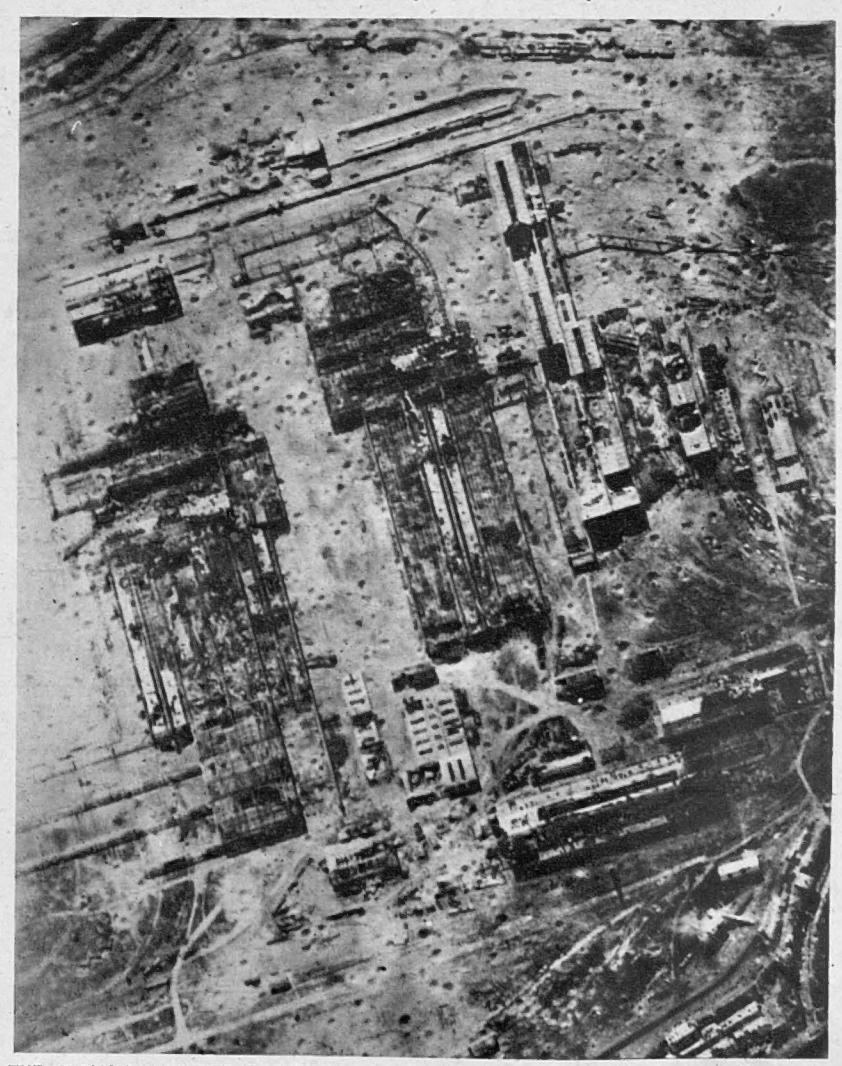
HOW BOMBER COMMAND PREPARED for the BIG ATTACK

THE GERMAN DEFENDED AREA AROUND CAGNY when the R.A.F. had finished with it. When General Montgomery's new offensive was launched on July 18 against Rommel's defensive strong-points south-east of Caen, it was preceded and supported by an air onslaught exceeding anything since D-Day. German concentrations and fortifications were blanketed with thousands of tons of high explosive and fragmentation bombs. This picture was taken after the attack by Lancasters and Halifaxes of Bomber Command on the defended area around Cagny on the morning of July 18. The bombs dropped within this area were fused to explode immediately they hit the ground: this was to prevent big craters which might hold up our troops. The "blast rings" around the explosions will be seen to be very different from the craters in the picture given in the upper right-hand on this page

HOW THE ALLIED VEHICLES WERE SENT UP TO THE FRONT LINE, through a cutting on the Bayeux-Caen railway

Before the big break-through was made on the 18th, desperate fighting had been taking place in the valley of the Odon River. A surprise attack towards Evrecy was made by Allied troops at dawn on Sunday, July 16: this was preceded by a terrific barrage from the guns on Saturday, July 15. At dawn, British tanks and infantry went forward to take Hills 112 and 113 to the north of Evrecy. (It was during this phase of the fighting that the above picture was taken.) Then there came a comparative lull. On July 18, however, General Montgomery suddenly switched his forces round and sent his armour across the River Orne and the Caen Canal, and thus created one of the biggest surprises for the Germans since D-Day. He thus paved the way for the break-through of the British tanks into the open country behind Caen. The pictures reproduced here and on the facing page were taken during the opening moments of this big surprise attack. Incidentally, during the bombardment of the German positions by the R.A.F. (the results of which are shown in three pictures here), no enemy aircraft appeared whilst the air attack—continued from dawn for four hours—flattened the way ahead for the Allied troops

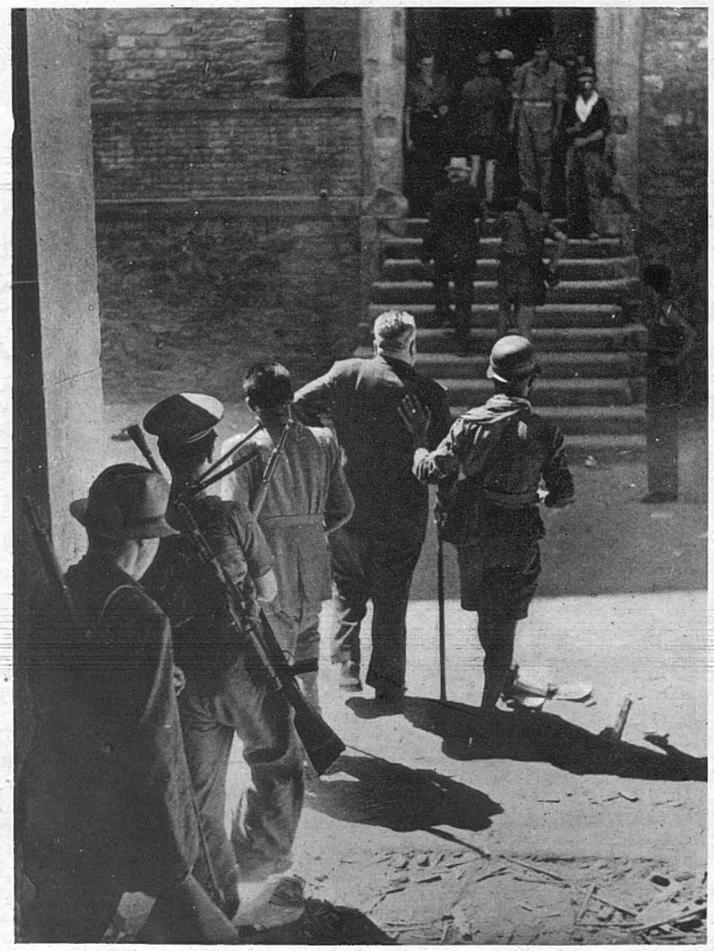
THE GERMAN FORTIFIED POSITIONS IN THE SANNERVILLE AREA to the south of Caen after the attack by Lancasters and Halifaxes of Bomber Command on the morning of the big break-through. The whole area around the aiming point is covered with a dense concentration of deep craters. These are of a different nature from the "blast rings" seen in the picture on the left



THE GERMAN FORTIFIED POSITIONS IN AND AROUND THE MONDEVILLE STEEL-WORKS in the eastern suburbs of Caen beyond the River Orne. The whole target area is seen to be studded with a dense concentration of craters, and almost every building in the steel-works has been wrecked. The Germans had converted the works into an enormously strong defensive point

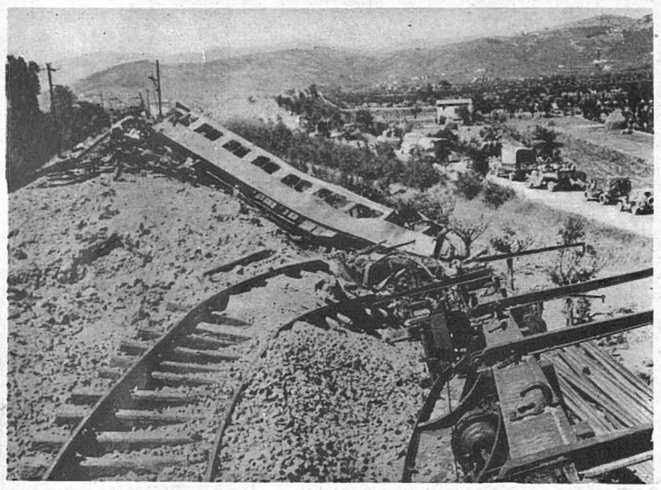
The GREAT ADVANCE in ITALY

The Steps by which the Fifth and Eighth Armies have Reached the German "Gothic Line" in Front of Florence



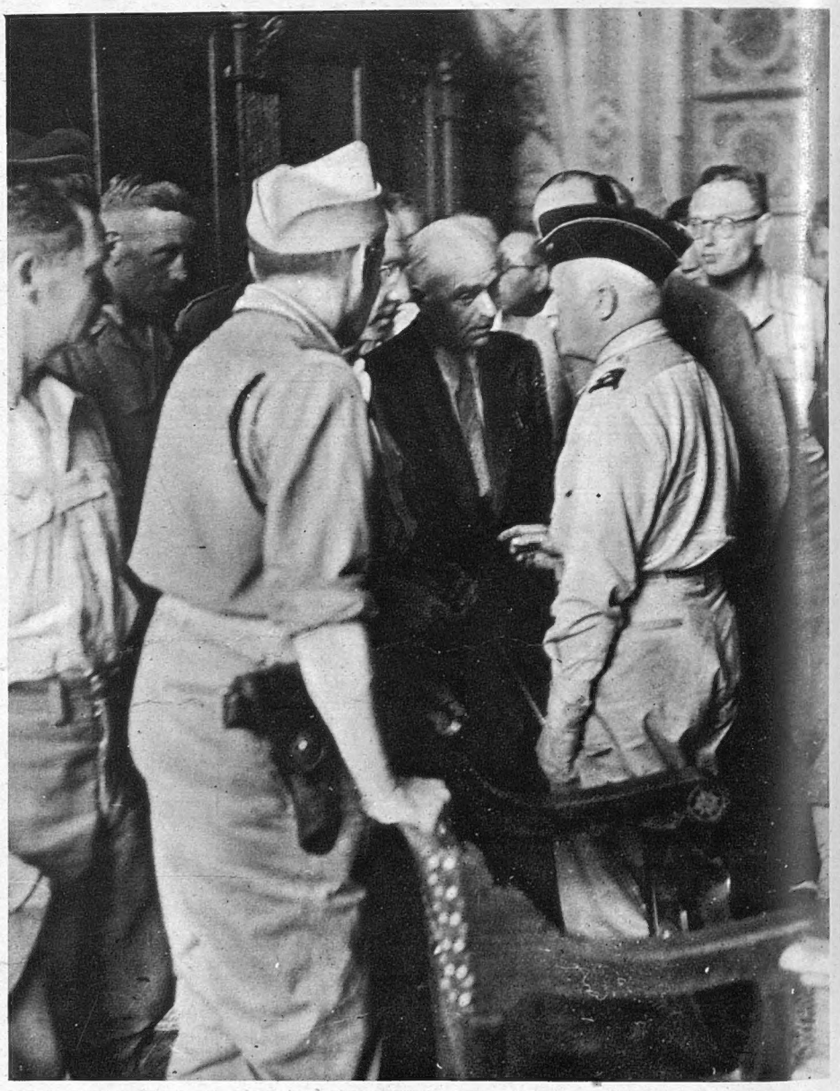
ITALIAN PARTISANS TAKE A HAND as the Allies advance up the mainland. After the enemy's determined efforts to stop the British assault on the shores of Lake Trasimeno had been frustrated, the town of Cortona, due north of the lake, was occupied by a Reconnaissance Corps unit on July 3. Very shortly afterwards the local Partisans appeared on the scene, and at once began rounding up those of their fellow citizens who had been marked down on account of their pro-Fascist activities. A body of the latter are seen in the above picture being escorted to the jail by the Partisans, after having been arrested in the streets. Similar scenes have been enacted in many other liberated Italian towns

THE ENTRY INTO AREZZO: A Sherman tank passing a 47-ton German Panther knocked out during the advance of the Eighth Army. Forward Allied troops entered this town on the morning of July 16: by midday, tanks and armoured forces were moving through the town in a steady stream. The final capture of Arezzo, after a three-week struggle, was the result of a well-planned outflanking movement by the Eighth Army. It resulted in a considerable cost to the enemy of men and material, and was a triumph for British tanks, Guardsmen, infantry and Indian troops



WHAT THE ALLIED BOMBING OF THE ITALIAN RAILWAYS ACHIEVED: Smashed and derailed trucks on the line leading to Florence, which testify to the paralysing effect of our bombing attacks on German rolling-stock

A RAILWAY COACH WHICH CRASHED INTO A POND after the railway bridge had been damaged during an Allied bombing attack south of Florence



AFTER THE CAPTURE OF SIENA BY THE FRENCH: This historic town was one of the last strongholds of the Germans before Florence. It fell to French troops of the Fifth Army at 7.30 on the morning of July 3. The retreating Germans had made the approach to the town as difficult as possible by numerous minefields and demolitions, although the buildings in this most historic of Italian mediæval towns were unharmed. The occupation of Siena was made peaceably; and in the picture above General de Monsabert, with his Staff, is seen being received by the civic authorities in the Secretary's room of the Palazzo il Campo

THE CITY OF VENICE AS SEEN BY THE CAMERA IN AN ALLIED AIRCRAFT ABOUT TO ATTACK AN IMPORTANT MEDITERRANEAN TARGET

This is probably the most comprehensive picture yet taken of the great Italian city known to so many thousands of Continental travellers. Although principally identified to the tourist as a show place of the first order, Venice is also a great commercial and naval port and a strongly fortified position. The city itself consists of 15,000 houses and palaces, chiefly built on piles and occupying an area about 6½ miles in circumference: there are 117 small islands, formed by more than 150 canals and all connected together by 378 bridges, most of which are of stone. In this splendid aerial view the spectator is looking towards the south. At the extreme right is the Maritime Basin, which is connected to the mainland by the railway running towards the bottom right-hand corner: at the other side of the city, to the extreme left, is the Arsenal, pointing towards the famous strip known as the Lido. Running parallel with the main island in the centre and trending towards the right is La Guidecca. The serpentine stretch of water cutting right through the city is the Grand Canal: just to the left of its exit into the Canal della Guidecca (separating Venice from La Guidecca) is the historic Piazza San Marco

THE EIGHTH ARMY ADVANCE TOWARDS FLORENCE: The scene in Cortona, after that town had been entered by the Reconnaissance Corps on July 3. It lies to the north of Lake Trasimeno and was captured only after fierce resistance by the Germans

DEMOLITION BY THE GERMANS on the road leading to Castiglione Fiorentino, which can be seen in the distance. The roads over which the Eighth Army have approached Florence are in a very bad state owing to the demolition work carried out by the Germans. Diversions are met with everywhere, and the Engineers are working at full pressure to open up the main highways for the maintenance of supplies and reinforcements to the fighting men pressing hard on the heels of the enemy

THE WEATHER AS A BATTLE FACTOR

The Great Part it has Played Throughout the Allied Campaigns in Many Theatres of War

By FERDINAND TUOHY

"SO long as nobody orders a day of national prayer there is hope."

Like everyone else, we were discussing the weather apropos of Normandy hold-ups and flying bombs, of "February in June" and of accrued appreciation of the importance of "Met." in the conduct of operations. That the weather intrudes on contemporary forms of warfare more than it used to affect past battling is self-evident, and one associates the change with four main developments: enormous mechanisation, air support of ground forces, recordly complicated military planning, and a great advance in meteorological forecasting.

Interest in the weather as a belligerent has steadily mounted since D-Day because we have come to realise that all prognostications as to the likely length of the war in Europe, and hopes in that direction, are at the mercy of this elemental factor beyond man's moulding. How much this is the case has been stated by Mr. E. L. Hawke, Secretary of the Royal Meteorological Society. Deluged with enquiries as to whether there was a connection between the colossal bombardments and air attacks in Normandy and June's freak behaviour in the Channel, the wild mid-month gale, the mid-summer frost, and then the long drought as if "concussed" to an end in heavy rain and thunderstorms, Mr. Hawke has answered with an emphatic "No." It seems that gunfire on the maximum possible scale cannot modify the behaviour of the atmosphere. If all the guns in Christendom and out of it were massed at one spot and fired at the same time, the concussion would not break a dry spell. To do that, to produce rain artificially, means would have to be found of lifting millions of tons of the atmosphere from the earth's surface. In fact, a job for an armada of giant airborne bulldozers.

Pending their arrival, but a solitary way offers by which man can ordain local weather, a peculiarly drastic one. Mr. Hawke cites the three-day blazing inferno that followed the 1923 Tokyo earthquake. Above the flames hot air raced skywards in tremendous volume, and this had the effect of producing a gale at ground-level, cause and effect being incontrovertibly established. Therefore, if we turned Berlin into a vast brazier, similar atmospheric consequences to Tokyo's would follow, and similar weather irregularities in the neighbourhood.

So much, then, for the effect of war on the weather. Remains the much bigger question of the effect of weather on war, and here there may be some risk of our developing an obsession. We mention "Hitler weather" as if that were the end of the matter. The next step will be blaming the weather for what are in reality our own insufficiencies in battle. The elements have, of course, always lorded it over human battling, but it is open to question whether they have been anti-British in this conflict any more than they have been in the past.

At perhaps the three most critical moments in English history, the weather saved the day for this country. The Spanish Armada was blown into two portions at the entrance to the Channel, enabling what survived the elements to be dealt with piecemeal. Napoleon's downfall at Waterloo was governed by the heavy thunderstorm the night before. At 10 a.m. the ground was too sodden for his heavy cavalry to charge our attenuated line at Hougomont; he paused until midday to allow the sun to get to work; and those two hours gave Bluecher time to come up on the flank. The third instance of pro-British weather in highest crisis is clearer still.

The "Hitler weather" legend arose from the magnificent conditions that smiled on his 1940 *Blitzkrieg*—yet what about the "miracle" of Dunkirk? What else was the "miracle" than the quick change in the weather in our favour, which enabled not only all the big, but all the little boats as well, to carry on over a mill-pond after the first three days of the evacuation had boded the worst that ever could befall a British army? And when we returned to Europe three years later, did not the elements again conspire in our favour? The landing in Sicily might have ended in disaster had that storm endured which sprang up on its eve. Less than a score miles off the beaches a very seasick expedition was plunging through seas whipped by a wind of near-gale force. The conditions were such that the enemy went unconcernedly to sleep in his rearward positions. And then, two hours before the time fixed for landing, the wind dropped to a gentle breeze, and the seasick ones waded or leapt ashore.

I am reminded, too, of how the weather served General Cunningham in Abyssinia. The rains were due to end in a certain week in November, and they did so. They were due to recommence in early July, and that happened too. Working to a fixed weather schedule in the interval, Cunningham's troops did the job.

At first glance, the North African and Italian campaigns would seem to sustain the "Hitler weather" legend. On one notable occasion Rommel was absolutely saved by the weather. Five days after Montgomery's November 4 break-through (that is, seventeen days after Alamein began), Rommel faced destruction between the escarpment and the sea. He was all-in, and his pursuers were giving furious tongue. But then the heavens opened. Day after day it cascaded; Montgomery's armour became bogged down; and Rommel lived to stand another day at El Agheila.

A few weeks later, freak winter rains set in in Tunisia, and these severely handicapped General Alexander's efforts in front of Von Arnim's strong and considerable army. Yet the grand finish—Bizerta-Tunis-Cap Bon—could not have been more accelerated by the weather, and in that there was a resemblance to the landings six months before. With the exception of Casablanca, where the weather was fresh but not too much so, the sea remained on fairly-good to good behaviour.

Then about Italy. When the Allies ran into winter in the Apennines, the men wrote home in caustic terms about the myth of sunny Italy. It may have been an exceptionally bad season in Naples and the lowlands generally, and that was bad luck. But it is almost invariably vile each winter up in the southern Apennines, one of the black spots on pre-war flying routes, and this known fact was obviously insufficiently taken into account.

Maybe there is a connection between that slip-up and the extraordinary care that was taken over D-Day. Before venturing into Normandy, our planners had on their desks all the requisite local weather records—not nearly as much as Haig had, and disregarded, prior to Paschendaele, but enough to base risks upon. And the long list of "minimum requirements" that each of the Services demanded! The sea had to be a certain height. The wind had to be in a certain direction and was not to exceed a given force which would be dependant on the direction. There had to be a certain type of illumination from the moon. The tide had to be right. There had to be cloud cover for the paratroops and clear skies for the fighters.

The "Met." men found there never had been such a day, and decided there never would be. Guess-men they might be, but not yes-men. So General Eisenhower had to form his fateful judgment accordingly, and we know how he surmounted his task by plumping for the airborne troops. D-Night was ideal for them, although poor for bombing and only moderate for landings. And for the first days, we couldn't complain. But thereafter the weather played dirty tricks for weeks on end. Naval experts relate that no such summer weather has been known for a dozen years. It reduced the flow of men and supplies, bogged mechanisation, and, worst of all, seriously lessened the Allied air forces' activities.

"When two Englishmen meet, their first talk is of the weather," I find in Mr. Willis's recent book, *Weatherwise*. This is now more than ever the case, yet not even in London do people think first of the flying bomb. Rather has their morning thought resolved into: "Is the Air Force getting at them today over in Normandy?"

In connection with flying bombs, for my part I'd like Morrison to reconcile the following: twice within a fortnight two firms have replaced their windows. Yet the only italics in Morrison's latest "How to Protect Yourself" emphasise glass as *the* danger. I'm aware the firms in question say they are covering up the glass, but in that case why put it back at all? "It's murder," say the shop assistants; and so say the passers-by also.

Still, if the weather gets you down, think of these things:

1. We didn't lose the war through the weather. Hitler did—for all his "Hitler weather." He lost it when he failed before Moscow in December 1941, thanks to the severest winter the Russians had known in a generation. Unprepared in clothing, the Germans froze, and so did their locomotives.

2. The Russians have drawn up on weather conditions. Autumn, winter, spring—the Russians pull up only to collect fresh energy to pounce. They have no campaigning seasons. All are telescoped. The most striking example was the continuous roaring through the Ukraine mud after the amazed Germans last spring—a season thought to be impossible for mechanised movement in those parts. The Russians had a new, slithering vehicle for it.

3. We have the best "Mets.", British, Norwegian and American, and some of them are pretty, as well. Our "Mets." think nothing of spending eight hours on the telephone, trying to concert their views. "The Norwegian system" of guessing the wider weather on data supplied by a network of posts dealing only with local conditions has proved a success. But there's no place like America for forecasting, and she's backed by Iceland, points on the North Sea, and countless ships and planes. Germany has practically nothing further west than Brest, occasional U-boats and air patrols, and Franco's Canaries, whereby to forecast.

WORKING OUT A COURSE FOR A PILOT OF THE "MET. FLIGHT"—the men who fly "when even the birds walk." The R.A.F. Meteorological Service includes civilians, airmen and W.A.A.F.s: upon their reports depend the success, and even the possibility, of operations. The importance of their task needs no emphasis. One of the most important jobs is that of the pilots and air crews who carry out the daily weather tests: whatever the weather, these men must fly. Of them it is said that they go up when even the birds are grounded! Although theirs is a routine job, it is by no means without adventure—they have attacked U-boats and fought and vanquished Ju. 88's. At the Coastal Command station where this picture was taken, the "Met. Flight" log nearly 4,000 miles every day

The CAPTURE of SAIPAN

America's Great Blow to the Japs in the Pacific

ROUNDED UP AT SAIPAN, IN THE MARIANAS: Old and young civilian prisoners, captured by the Americans whilst the Japanese were being driven back on the island, watch with curiosity as the Marines unload their supplies on the beach. These people are a mixture of Koreans, Chamorros and a small percentage of Japanese

THE NEW JAPANESE CHIEF OF STAFF: General Yoshijiro Umezu, who succeeds General Tojo in this post owing to the loss of Saipan Island, which has gravely disturbed the whole Japanese nation

FIRST AID TO AMERICAN TROOPS WOUNDED IN THE EARLY FIGHTING. The medical supplies were hurriedly taken from piles along the beach. The wounded men were later transferred to assault craft lying offshore for more complete treatment. Nine thousand seven hundred Americans were killed, wounded or missing in the bitter fighting on Saipan

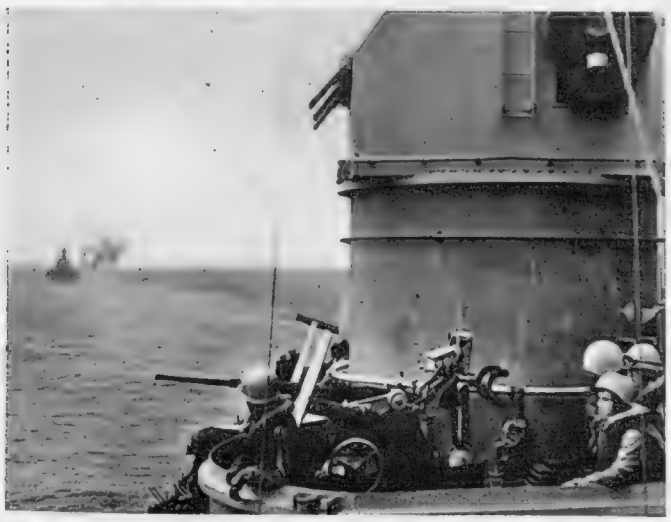
A BEACHHEAD ON THE ISLAND: The first foothold gained in the early morning of June 14. Within three weeks the whole of Saipan Island was in American hands—the nearest point yet to the Japanese mainland and a probable "bomb Tokyo" base

In the early morning of June 14, American assault troops went ashore on Saipan Island, in the Marianas. Bitter fighting with the Japs ensued, during the course of which our Allies sustained 9,700 casualties—in dead, wounded and missing—a testimony to the savagery of the struggle. Within three weeks the whole of the island was firmly in American hands, and it was then announced that 1,500 Japanese had been killed. On July 9, the American Navy Department in Washington announced that organised resistance had ended a few days previously and that the elimination of remnants of the enemy was proceeding rapidly.

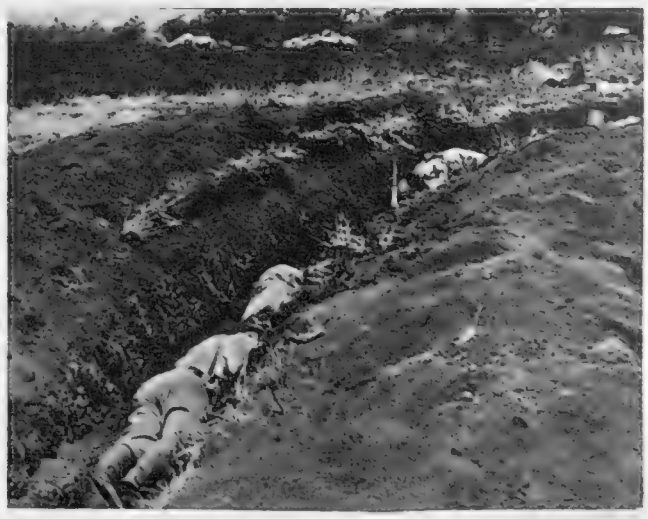
According to the Jap High Command, two U.S. Divisions were landed on the island and 100 transports were standing off shore. In all the Mariana actions, 747 Japanese aircraft were destroyed, 44 ships were sunk and another 47 damaged.

Saipan is about 1,000 miles from Japan itself. Its loss has been so acutely felt by the enemy that Tojo, the Jap Premier, was first forced to relinquish his post as Chief of Staff—a position now assumed by General Yoshijiro Umezu—and later to resign office altogether.

There are fourteen islands in the Mariana group, and it has already been pointed out in Washington that these constitute a potential "bomb Tokyo" base.



THE AMERICAN BOMBARDMENT OF TINIAN: Viewed from the deck of one battleship, the batteries of a sister-ship eject huge puffs of smoke as they bombard the Marianas, just before the landings of Marines and Army troops on Saipan on June 14



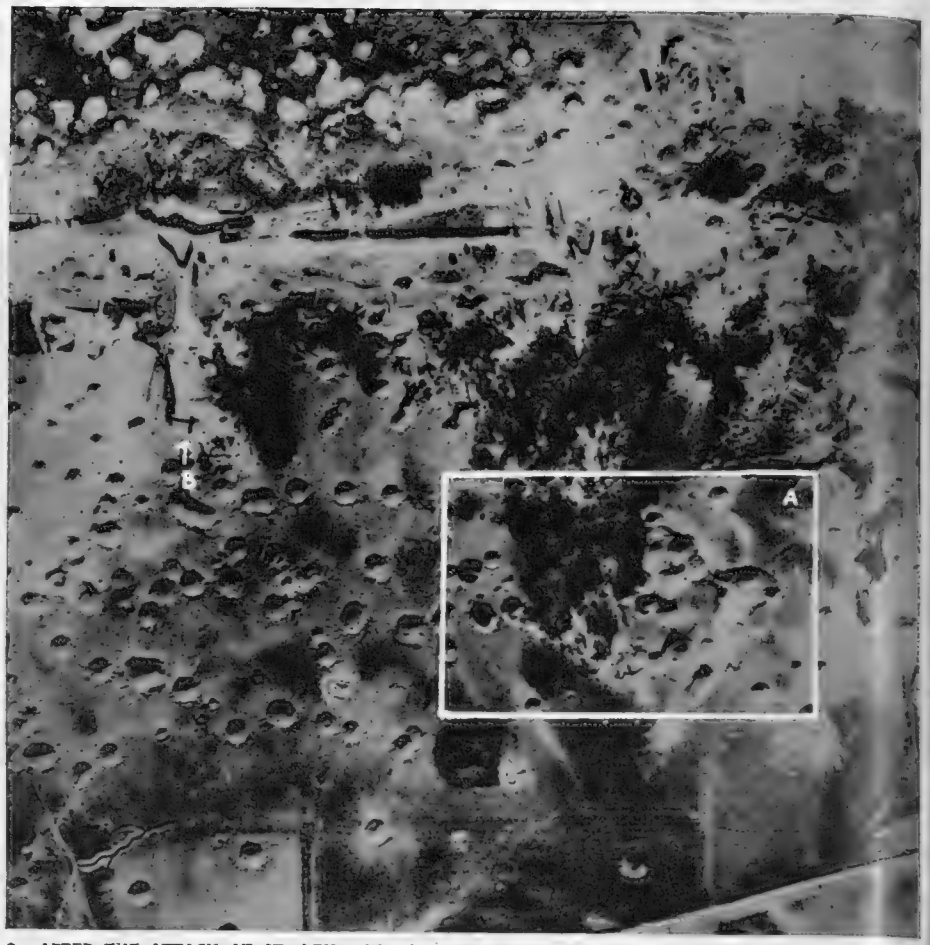
THE BITTER NATURE OF THE FIGHTING: A trench literally filled with the bodies of dead Japs, killed where they fell by the American Marines on Saipan

The MENACE of the FLYING BOMB

How it is Being Countered in France, and by Deep Shelters and Evacuation in England

1—A FLYING-BOMB DEPOT NEAR PARIS: The target area of the German storage depot at St. Leu d'Esserent before the attack by R.A.F. Lancasters on the night of July 7

One of the most useful blows struck at the flying-bomb bases in France was made by Lancaster aircraft of the R.A.F. on the night of July 7, when a heavy and concentrated attack was carried out at St. Leu d'Esserent. This lies about 30 miles north-west of Paris: here, in a cave close to the east bank of the River Orne, is a flying-bomb storage depot: it is situated inside great limestone caves, formerly used by the French for mushroom growing. The caves were entered through two openings in the face of the cliff about 60 ft. above the river bank, and roads and railways built by the Germans led to them. The caves were first bombed by Lancasters on the night of July 4. On July 7 they were bombed again, with 12,000-lb. blockbusters. One of the latter burst inside the caves, causing a great subsidence of earth over an area of 540 by 300 ft. Masses of rock and soil must have collapsed into the cave below. The remainder of the damage caused severe havoc to the railway and road communications



2—AFTER THE ATTACK AT ST. LEU. The inset "A" shows the large subsidence of earth above the tunnel entrance to the caves. This part has completely collapsed from many hits and probably from a direct hit by a 12,000-lb. bomb. At "B" is another entrance to the storage caves. Craters can be seen over the tunnel area and a great deal of earth has collapsed into the tunnel entrance

A TYPICAL VILLAGE IN "SOUTHERN ENGLAND." Although in the front line, where flying bombs fall all around, the villagers are quite unperturbed, and life proceeds normally despite bombs, anti-aircraft shells and scurrying fighter-aircraft

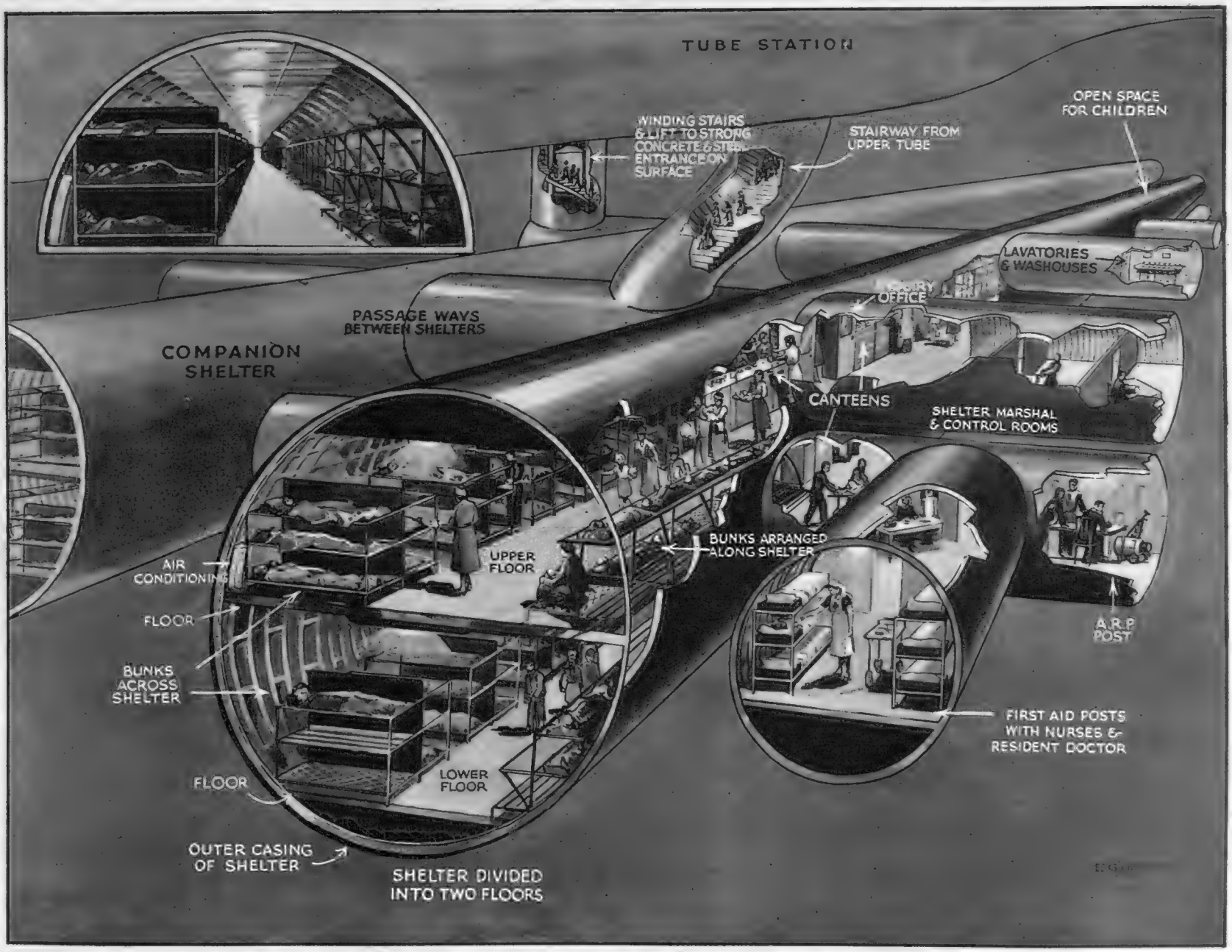
ALLIED RECONNAISSANCE PLANES SEARCH FOR THE "V.1" POSITIONS: This picture was taken in Northern France: it shows the vapour trails of Allied aircraft on reconnaissance over the flying-bomb sites as they try to locate the lairs from which the pilotless aircraft are launched against England

MEETING THE FLYING-BOMB MENACE IN LONDON. Roof-spotters at their station in the heart of the City. These men give warning of danger to the workers below, and thus prevent wastage of time when the Alert has been sounded but when danger is not imminent in that particular locality

TWO WOMEN SPOTTERS OF THE A.T.S. AT WORK with A.-A. Command on the South Coast: *On left*—Private Barbara Lambert (ex-clerk, of Liverpool) at her telescopic aircraft identifier; *on right*—Private Kathleen Corke (also of Liverpool) spotting for the robot bombs

HOW THE FLYING BOMB IS ATTACKED IN MID-CHANNEL. Not only are the pilotless aircraft attacked in their lairs in France, and chased by R.A.F. fighters on their appearance over Southern England, but in mid-Channel every ship within range has a crack at them as they fly over. Above are seen the members of the gun crew of the Minesweeper B.Y.M.S. 2079: a few days ago they brought down one of the pilotless bombs over the Channel with only five rounds of ammunition

A SCENE AT PADDINGTON DURING THE RECENT EVACUATION OF LONDON. Owing to the dangers of the flying bomb, the largest Government-controlled evacuation scheme since the 1939 exodus from London has now been completed. Many thousands of mothers and children have left the capital for dispersal throughout safer areas, and to aid in the scheme the Government also lifted the ban on certain areas in South and South-West England, thus opening many more towns for the reception of the evacuees. This picture was taken recently at Paddington: the two platforms are lined with people leaving for the south-west



THE NEW DEEP SHELTERS IN LONDON—THE MOST ELABORATE YET CONSTRUCTED. They have been built in the galleries of tunnels which will become part of the Underground Railway system after the war. Each has accommodation for 8,000 people, who sleep in tiered bunks, with branch tubes providing amenities of all kinds—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

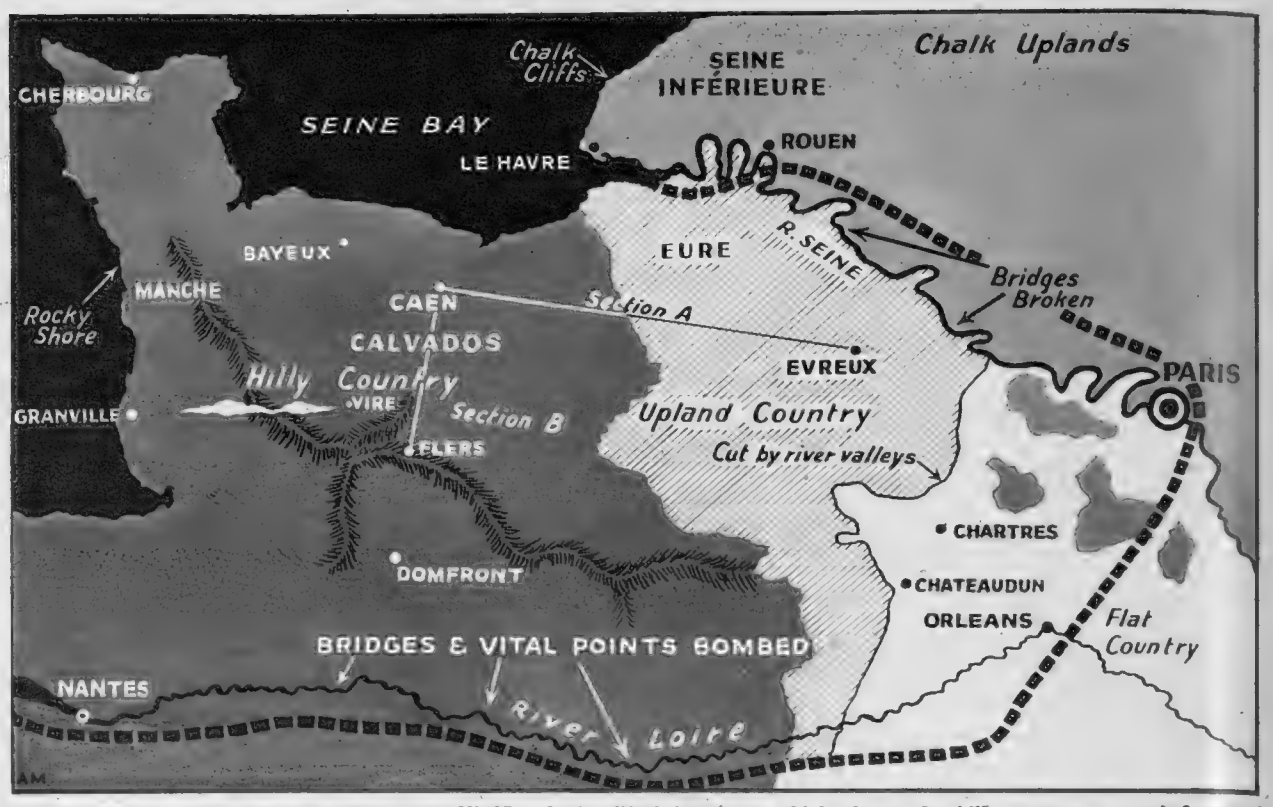
The deep shelters now available for Londoners were prepared a considerable time ago, but were never used during the "blitz." They have been constructed in the "tubes" and tunnels which will form part of London's Underground Railway system after the war. Five out of eight of them are ready, and some of them are now in use each night. Each shelter has a sleeping capacity of 8,000, with sitting room, in an emergency, for 1,000 or 2,000 more. They are 125 ft. to 200 ft. deep, and each shelter has a main corridor with avenues containing dormitories leading off. There are special dormitories for children, modern hygienic sanitation, hot and cold water, and a telephone system. They cost more than £3,000,000. The staffing of the deep shelters is complete: canteens, nurseries, first-aid posts, are in operation; meals are provided; rest rooms, recreation rooms and libraries are also in operation. The drawing above shows in diagram form the lay-out of these latest and most up-to-date shelters deep below the floor of London

The TERRAIN in NORMANDY

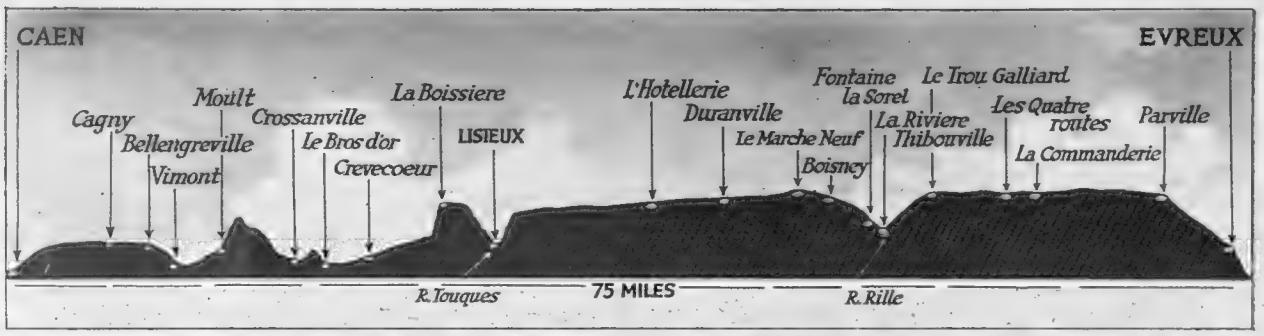
—Special Sphere Diagrams and Key Maps

A glance at the map shows that the Allies are operating in the departments of Manche, Calvados and Eure, in the north, and a number of others to the south. This area is bounded on the west by the Cherbourg Peninsula, on the east by the winding River Seine and on the south by the broad stream of the Loire. Allied aircraft have been steadily isolating this area by attacks on bridges and strategical points along both these famous rivers and in the adjoining territory.

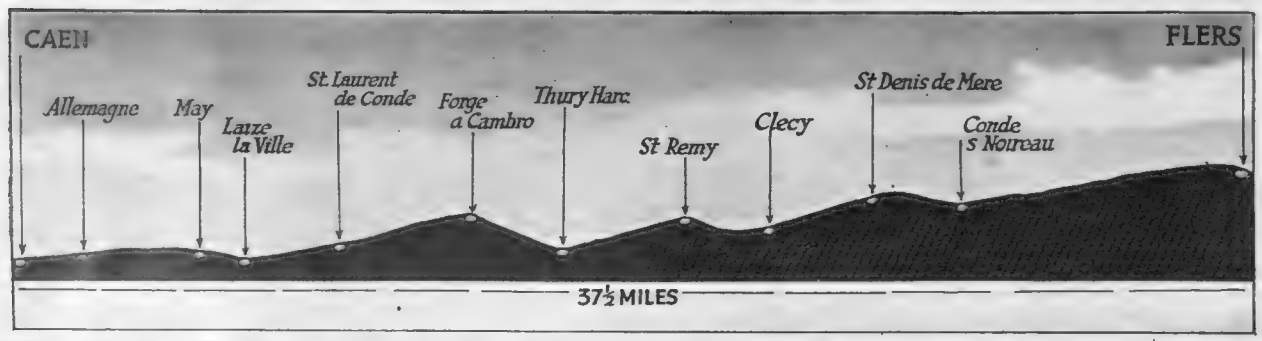
Within this insulated region lies the tactical battle area to the south of Caen. The region shown grey on the left is, in the main, more hilly and broken than the ruled area to the right, which contains high plateau land seamed with river valleys. The country becomes progressively more open as one moves southwards towards Orleans. The nature of the region in the immediate battle area is indicated by two sections, one 37½ miles long extending roughly south towards Flers. The country rises in gradual steps to a height of just over 600 ft. near this town. The second section, measuring 75 miles, extends from Caen to Evreux through Lisieux. There are two areas of wide uplands rising to some 500 ft. above sea-level



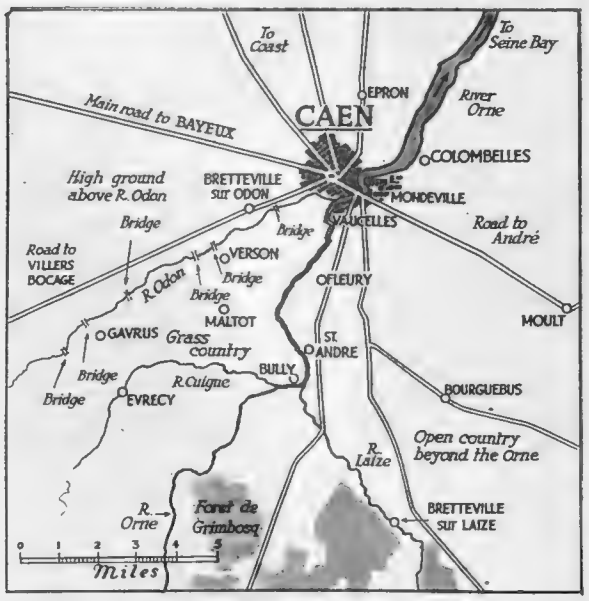
THE NATURE OF THE COUNTRY WHICH LIES AHEAD : A simplified key map which shows the hilly country around Caen and to the south, and the flat, upland country which then leads down to Paris. From Paris to the sea, and also along the Loire, many of the bridges have been cut by Allied aircraft



A SECTION FROM CAEN TO EVREUX (the portion marked "A" on the upper map), showing the hilly country cut by the valleys of the Touques and Rille Rivers. This is the route to Evreux, which lies in direct line with Paris, the distant objective of the Allies in France



FROM CAEN TO FLERS (the route marked "B" on the upper map). This line runs almost due south : the road rises all the way till it reaches the backbone of hills on which Flers is situated. To the south of the latter town lies the River Loire

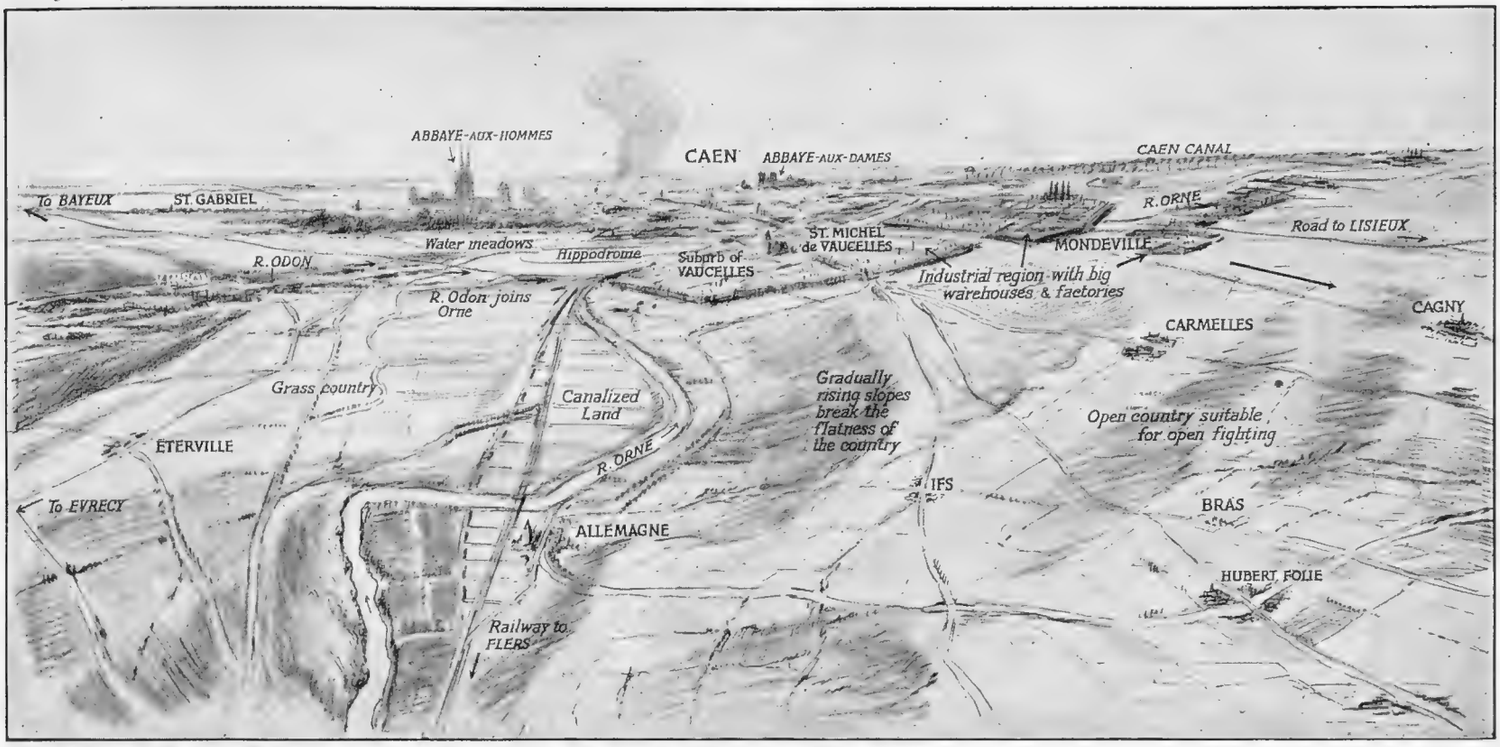


A KEY MAP of the area to the south-west and south of Caen, showing the country into which the Allied Armies in Normandy are now pressing

ON THE ROAD TO ST. LO : The debris-strewn main street of La Haye-du-Puits just after its occupation by the Americans. The fighting for this town was very fluctuating and bitter before its final capture on July 5. St. Lo itself fell some days later

THE FIGHT FOR ST. LO.—After the River Vire had been crossed, on July 7, against fierce enemy resistance, General Bradley's American troops began their advance southwards towards St. Lo. It has been a struggle all the way, as St. Lo, Perriers and Lessay, are the three key towns which the Germans were determined to hold as long as possible. Rommel had sent reinforcements, with tanks, making the opposition very strong. The Americans approached from the north-west and north-east.

On July 12, the Germans made a desperate attempt to cut right through the American forces, having had orders to smash through to the sea. There was much confused fighting; some enemy tanks infiltrated through, and air support was called for which soon forced the Germans to retire, when their tanks were knocked out. They held on to a chateau, about two miles from St. Lo, which was at first bypassed, but it proved an obstacle, and the gunners had to force them out. The high ground around the town, Hill 147, was captured, from which one looked down upon the sorely-battered town, once a royal fortress



AFTER THE CAPTURE OF CAEN : THE REGION TO THE SOUTH AND SOUTH-WEST into which the British and Canadians are now pressing, showing the industrial areas of Vaucelles and Mondeville, and the Rivers Odon and Orne—*Drawing by Percy Home*

FIGHTING at CAEN and ST. LO

When the main historical section of Caen had been occupied, attention swung to the southern suburb of Vaucelles, where the Germans had taken up a position along the southern bank of the Orne and had destroyed the bridges connecting Vaucelles with the main portion of Caen. The view given here shows this industrial section which lies to the south of the Hippodrome and the water meadows which are known as the *prairie* of Caen. To the east of Vaucelles there are additional suburban areas known as Mondeville. These skirt the River Orne, where it turns north-east towards the sea. Beyond can be seen the poplar-lined ship canal. Radiating south from the suburb of Vaucelles are a number of roads which traverse the strip of country which correspondents have described as ideal for free tank operations. It is open country broken by several ridges, which rise one behind the other in an easterly direction. Occupying a central position in Vaucelles is the fine Norman church of St. Michel. To the east of it is the main railway station (Gare de l'Etat). From here railways radiate towards Evreux and Paris and towards Flers. This is the railway shown running almost due south on crossing the Orne, near the little town of Allemagne, which also possesses a fine Norman church.

The bends of the Orne are here canalised to a point south of Allemagne. Above this low-lying ground the country gradually rises to the open grass belt which separates the Orne from the Odon, seen on the left of the view. Much fighting has now taken place over this whole area.

HOW THE AMERICAN FORCES CLOSED IN ON ST. LO : A bird's-eye view taken from the south, looking up the valley of the River Vire. The eastern attack led down the main Bayeux Road, which was cut at La Calvaire : the western attack was made by way of Pont Hebert—*Drawing by H. P. Burton*

This drawing was taken from the south of St. Lo, which is shown to the east of the winding Vire. The town is perched high up on a rocky escarpment. Stretching towards the north-east is the main Bayeux-St. Lo highway. The main eastern attack of the American forces developed north of this road, a number of small towns and villages being captured, St. Georges d'Elle, about six miles east of St. Lo, and the village of Barre de Semilly. The forces pushed on towards a ridge and captured St. Andre de l'Epine and the village of La Calvaire, at which point they actually cut the Bayeux-St. Lo Road. The further advance took them to the little village of Boulaye, just over two miles from St. Lo. From the north and north-west another simultaneous American attack was by way of La Meauffe and Pont Hebert. At this point the Germans made a fierce counter-attack, which was finally repulsed after some desperate and confused fighting. A dominant feature of the military situation was a long 600-ft. ridge which dominates the town of St. Lo from the east

BATTLE SCENES from NORMANDY

—Depicted in Special Drawings by *Sphere* Artists

BRITISH TROOPS PATROLLING A CAPTURED TOWN IN SEARCH OF ENEMY SNIPERS. Even after they have once been driven out, the German riflemen are apt to sneak in again, so that a constant patrol has to be maintained—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

One of the tactics employed by the Germans during our thrusts into the Tilly-Odon area has been to harass our lines by constant infiltration. Again and again a village has been declared free of the enemy; the next morning sniping would recommence and the painful work of ousting the intruders would begin again. An intensive watch at dusk and during the night alone insured immunity. The party of men shown here are carrying picks and are ready to advance, but they have been detailed to see that this little village of St. Manvieu, behind Tilly, is clear of the enemy before they proceed. It is no light task. A machine-gun post on the left is ready to support the men who must adventure down the little street

THE BATTERING OF CAEN BEFORE ITS CAPTURE ON JULY 9. The terrific onslaught by "heavies" from England and by fighters and fighter-bombers from the Normandy airstrips, which laced the sky with their vapour trails as they flew over the Caen suburbs—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

Before Caen fell to General Montgomery's army, hundreds of heavy bombers set out from British bases just before dusk to pound at the enemy's lines: for a full hour the stream of great four-engined bombers went over the target dropping their enormous block-busters. Then, at about ten o'clock, fighters began to take off from every airstrip in Normandy. Soon they were lost to vision, but the sky was full of their vapour trails. Then more trails appeared, coming from the direction of the English coast as the home-based fighter escorts took up their positions. The bombers came in from the sea and made a wide circle to approach their target. Up went the flak until the sky was almost blotted out by the black shell-bursts. Tracer bullets and rockets went up in long red lines like a huge fireworks display. The bombers flew straight through the flak: on their return homeward, they set their course over the British lines at a height of 10,000 to 12,000 ft. The whole scene was an awe-inspiring demonstration of Air Power

DURING THE CROSSING OF THE ODON RIVER: The British tanks ford the stream in a type of country "reminiscent of Cliveden on the Thames," to take part in the tank and infantry battle raging on the other side—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

When our armoured units crossed into the open rolling country between Caen and Evrecy, it was only at the cost of some bitter fighting along the banks of the Odon River. The Germans had dug themselves in round stone barns and in one hamlet guarding strategic crossroads. "Imagine a tank and infantry battle raging at points like Cliveden, Sonning and other Thames reaches, and you will get some idea of what it is like in France to-day," wrote one war correspondent. Men of a famous British regiment found the enemy in strength at one such point, but they went in, fighting savagely, until the German hold on their positions slipped and slackened and they moved back again. At this point the infantry had been working ahead of the tanks. Then, with the enemy pushed back, the tanks passed through and forded the river at a number of points

COUNTER-INFILTRATION BY THE GERMAN TANKS, AS PRACTISED BY THE ENEMY AT THE ODON RIVER. The British infantry remained concealed until the tanks were abreast and beyond, and then finished them off with anti-tank guns or Piats—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

The defensive fighting of our troops in France against the German attacks around Cheux, Raury and Grainville has aroused the praise of all the war correspondents who witnessed it. These attacks were, it is true, made with no German artillery support and virtually no air support. All the same, they were maintained with persistence and repeated hour after hour. Our infantry stood their ground, even when enemy tanks infiltrated right through their positions. So long as the infantryman keeps well down he is pretty safe, but it requires nerve and discipline to do so. The German tanks passed right through some of our forward infantry positions, but got no further; they fell victims to our anti-tank guns at close quarters, or even to the humble Piat, the close-range infantry anti-tank weapon

THE WORK OF BATTLESHIP AND DESTROYER OFF THE BEACHES

And the Running of the German Blockade of the Skagerrak by High-speed British Vessels of a New Type

REAR-ADMIRAL KHARLAMOV, Head of the Soviet Military Mission in London, who was present aboard H. M. S. *Mauritius* as an observer during the bombardment of the Germans in Normandy by the Royal Navy

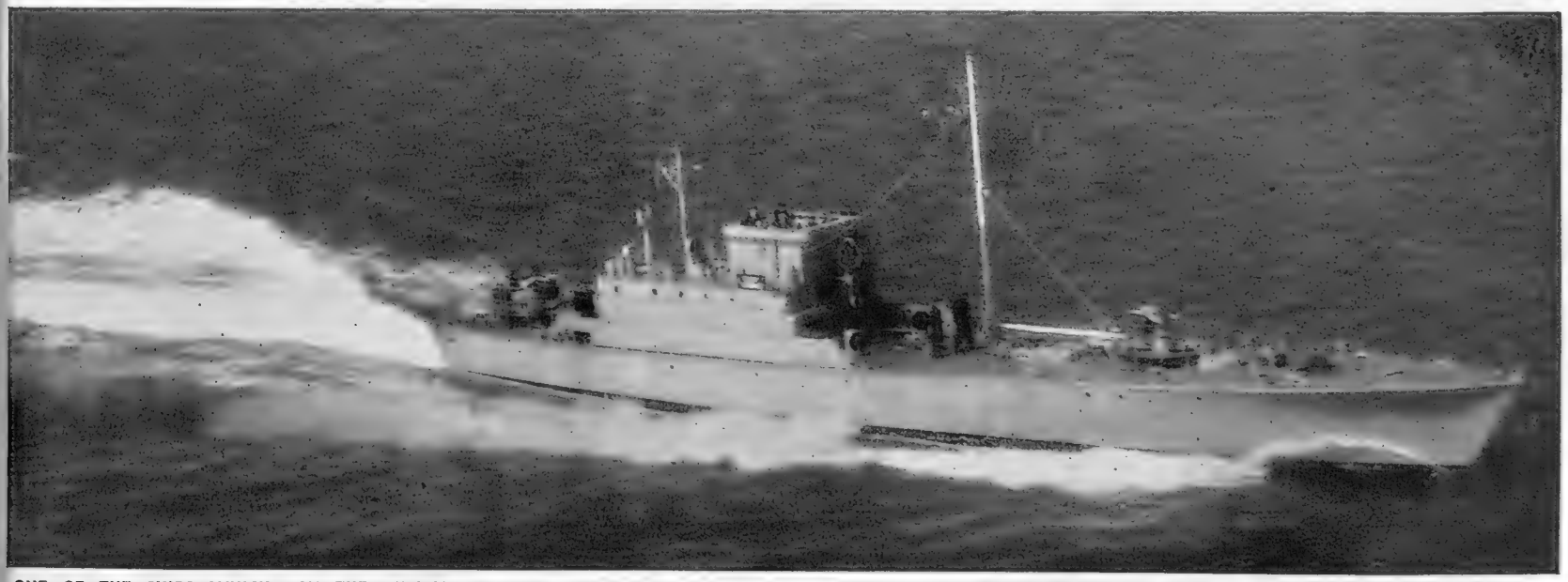
IN FRONT OF THE NAVY'S GUNS—IN NORMANDY. It is upon the men of "Forward Observation Bombardment"—among whom are many naval telegraphists, volunteers from H.M. ships—that the gun crews of the Royal Navy rely for correct ranges as they bombard the enemy's strong-points and gun-nests ashore. This picture shows the forward H.Q. of the "F.O.B.," from which the spotting teams move forward. From here messages are transmitted to the bombarding vessels and the shots are co-ordinated. The wireless set is in constant touch and is manned by "Tels" of the Royal Navy. Many of the latter were landed by air to start work as soon as the invasion barges landed in Normandy

***Below*—INSIDE AN ENEMY MINEFIELD OFF THE CHERBOURG PENINSULA. The British destroyer "Beagle" saves the lives of American soldiers from a tank landing craft**—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

This incident was one of "the most courageous and cold-blooded rescue ventures" that one war correspondent had ever seen at sea. American landing craft were going in to the beaches when one of them was hit by a shell. The British destroyer's searchlights were switched on, illuminating the struggling American soldiers in the water. The blazing hulk of the landing craft made the destroyer an easy target. Men swarmed down the ladders, plunging waist-deep into the sea hauling out the soldiers, some of whom required six or seven men to pull them out, so sodden were their battle kit and life-jackets. The destroyer which thus braved both mines and enemy coastal batteries is one of a very successful pre-war type, built about 1930. The class exceeded the designed speed with ease, and proved to be most economical of fuel. *Beagle* is armed with four 4·7-in. guns and a number of smaller weapons for anti-aircraft purposes. She has four torpedo-tubes and a speed of 35 knots

A FAMOUS OLD VETERAN—THE BATTLESHIP "WARSPITE," WHICH HAS BEEN BUSY OFF THE NORMANDY COAST, takes a rest from her tasks of bombardment. A naval "postman" (in this case, a destroyer) is bringing out the warship's mail—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

The 30,000-ton *Warspite* was launched in 1913, and she was reconstructed between the years 1925 and 1933: her original cost was over £2,500,000, and her reconstruction cost nearly another million sterling. She has, however, paid handsome dividends: since her appearance at Narvik in 1940, she has taken part in many actions and her weight of fire-power has been demonstrated in many sea-battles. Her latest task has been the bombardment of the enemy around Caen, when her huge 15-in. guns threw one-ton shells far inland and wrought much havoc amongst the German concentrations of troops and armour as they gathered to oppose the British land forces. In the fighting for Caen, one of the ship's officers was spotting on shore: after having dealt with a group of six German armoured cars, he directed the ship's fire on another fifty armoured cars and other motor transport in the main street of a village. Three 15-in. shells fell directly into the street, breaking up most of the transport and scattering the remainder! The drawing above is a study of this fine veteran resting between duties in a quiet anchorage. Approaching her in the distance is the naval "postman"—a destroyer which is bringing out the mail-bags and important despatches. Destroyers are frequently used in the Royal Navy for this purpose, and their arrival is anxiously anticipated by all members of the ship's complement



ONE OF THE SHIPS WHICH RAN THE GERMAN BLOCKADE OF THE SKAGERRAK to bring valuable war materials from Sweden. "Gay Viking," Commanded by Captain H. Whitfield, a small, high-speed vessel manned by officers and men of the Merchant Navy

One of the boldest achievements of the British Merchant Navy has been the maintaining during the winter of a service by sea between the east coast of the United Kingdom and the small Swedish port of Lysekil. The "Red Duster" has again flown in the ports of Sweden, after an absence of three and a half years. Plans for operating such a service, notwithstanding the close German blockade of the Skagerrak, were discussed early last year, when it became important to bring to this country certain types of material manufactured in Sweden in quantities greater than could be conveniently transported by air. For this purpose it was decided to prepare certain small blockade-running vessels which would be inconspicuous and easily manœuvrable, but which were designed to carry a large quantity of cargo in relation to their size. Their powerful diesel engines gave them a very high turn of speed. They were defensively armed as merchantmen and carried Oerlikon guns to protect them from air attack. Each vessel carried a crew of about twenty. These men were all volunteers and received special training to equip them for the hazards and rigours of the blockade-running service. Their average age was only twenty-five and many of the sailors were under twenty. All the masters were under forty. Comfort was sacrificed in favour of cargo space, and the deckhouse was an example of this, since, although it housed all the ship's officers, the saloon, the galley, and the wireless room, it measured only 36 ft. by 14 ft. 6 ins. The crew were housed rather more commodiously in the fo'c'sle. The service was kept up throughout the period of long nights, and most useful cargoes and a number of valuable passengers were safely transported. Each trip in the running of the blockade involved, of course, the dangerous sea passage through the Skagerrak and part of the Kattegat between the enemy-occupied countries of Norway and Denmark, but details of the individual voyages must for the present remain secret. Many ruses and subterfuges were employed, and so successful were they that some of the trips were described as "uneventful." The operations owed their success to a combination of careful planning, courage, bluff, and grand seamanship

THE LIBERATION OF NORMANDY

How the French Civilian Population has Reacted to the Entry of the Allies

EVACUATING THE CITIZENS OF CAEN. As many of the former citizens return to the town, so others seek to leave for quieter zones. Refugees, waiting their turn for evacuation, are here talking to a French Red Cross worker

SISTERS OF MERCY IN CAEN are helping Civil Affairs to reinstate and look after bombed-out citizens. Here a party of them are taking food to some of the victims of the war

MEN READING "LE VOIX DES ALLIES" posted on a wall as they wait to be evacuated. Four thousand five hundred civilians were evacuated from the shattered city of Caen to towns and villages out of range of German guns and mortars, soon after the entry of the Allies. The need for speedy evacuation became even more urgent on the night of July 13, when the German bombardment from across the River Orne caused several shells to fall on the church of St. Etienne and the adjacent Lycee, where hundreds of homeless people were sheltering. Personnel of the French Military Mission helped to accelerate the work, and refugee convoys left Caen at a steady rate

ON BASTILLE DAY IN BAYEUX: British troops joined with the liberated French population in the celebrations held on July 14 throughout the freed portions of Normandy. At Bayeux, during the day, the Croix de Guerre was presented to a gendarme and to a French civilian. The former led the first British troops into the town, and the latter was a leader of the French Underground movement

On left—**A PICTURE WHICH HAS AROUSED MUCH COMMENT: How the Patriots of Normandy have branded women and girls who "collaborated" too ardently with the Germans before the coming of the Allies.** Some commentators have condemned this action; others have applauded unreservedly. Here are the facts—After the liberation of the greater part of Normandy, Patriots toured the villages rounding up women and girls denounced by their neighbours as having shown too great favour to the Germans during four years of occupation. When batches of them had been gathered together, they were shorn of all their hair publicly and then paraded through the streets of the big towns as a punishment. This picture was taken in Cherbourg.

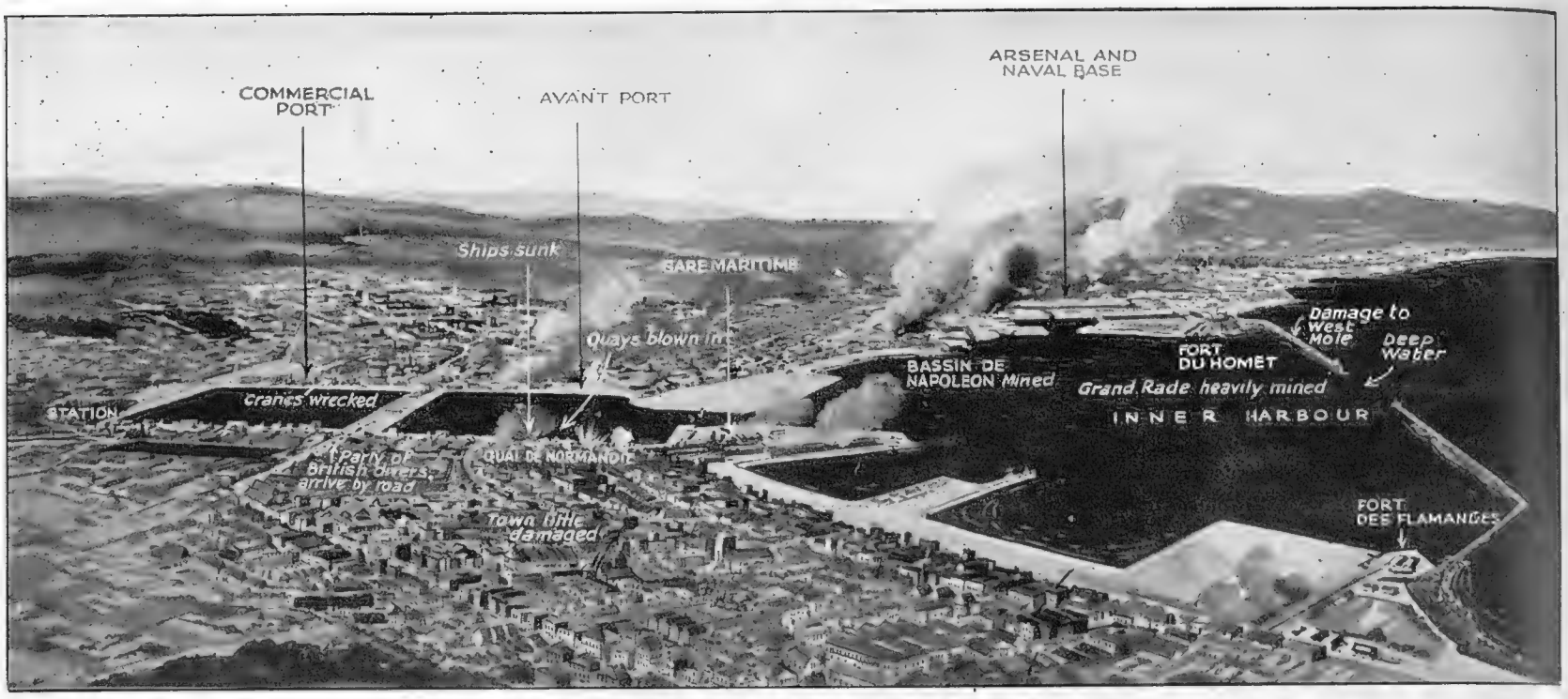
It must be understood that this was a spontaneous action on the part of the French themselves and was in no way prompted by the Allies. Feeling naturally runs high in the liberated regions: those Frenchmen who remained loyal to their country had frequently to witness actions by some of their compatriots which caused them intense shame, but which they were unable to condemn openly so long as the Germans remained in occupation. Now that restraint has been removed, they have expressed their long-strangled resentment in the most dramatic manner of which they are capable

THE RETURN TO CAEN: THE NORMANDY CITIZENS COME BACK ON THE HEELS OF THE OCCUPYING ALLIED ARMIES, some from nearby hiding-places, others from farther afield. A scene in front of the uninjured Abbaye aux Dames, in the centre of the town—*Drawing by Edward Osmond*

Almost immediately after the liberation of Caen, the inhabitants of this big Norman town began to pick their way back through the mounds of rubble which blocked the northern and north-western approaches. Each had a different story to tell. Some have survived bombardment in cellars; some have been living in the battle zone and are seeking relations; others have come from farther afield, finding their way through the German lines to the south of the city. You see them in little groups gradually recovering from the shocks of war as the sense of freedom from the German rule becomes stronger. Some of them are here seen at one side of the wide Place Reine Mathilde, which leads up to the façade of the great church of La Trinité, more generally known as the Abbaye aux Dames, built by Queen Mathilda, wife of William the Conqueror, in expiation of her incorrect marriage with the Conqueror. When the Allies entered Caen, the welcome discovery was made that the great Abbey church was undamaged, save for the loss of stained-glass windows due to the blast from a bomb which exploded near by

A BOUQUET FOR GENERAL MONTGOMERY. After leaving an investiture to officers and men of the 6th Airborne Division, the General was presented with a bouquet of roses by three small children on a neighbouring farm. Above he is seen shaking hands with one of the little girls

PART OF FRANCE IS FREE AGAIN! The procession which marched through the streets of Bayeux to the cathedral, where a service was held on Bastille Day. Many French flags were produced from their hiding-places, French uniforms again appeared in the streets, and French decorations blazed on the chests of old soldiers. All the citizens were clad in their best raiment and—now that the numbing effect of four years of German occupation is wearing off—cordial greetings were exchanged with members of the Allied forces who participated in the demonstrations



AN OVERHEAD VIEW OF THE TOWN AND PORT OF CHERBOURG, which gives a general impression of the damage wrought during the recent fighting and which has now to be repaired by the Allies. Although the town is little damaged, the harbour installations have been wrecked and the Grand Rade has been heavily mined—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

CLEARING UP in CHERBOURG

The Task to be Performed Before the Harbour can be Used by the Allies

—With a Striking Picture of a Blocked Port in Italy

The town of Cherbourg itself is comparatively little damaged, but in the dock area the demolitions have been considerable. Concrete crane mountings have been destroyed, as well as the cranes themselves: the Arsenal has been destroyed; some of the ships in the harbour have been overturned to block the waterways; and the Quai de France (where the *Queen Mary* and the *Normandie* used to dock) has been sadly damaged. The Germans sank a large ship in the entrance to the main deep-water berthing space between the Quai de Normandie and the Gare Maritime: they blew in the high quay walls and completely wrecked the station covering the West Quay with debris.

The Grand Rade was criss-crossed with long strings of mines, closing completely the entrance to the inner haven: the total laid in the harbour must run into thousands. In the middle of each basin the Germans placed at least one mine. In the Bassin de Napoleon they were not content with one—they sank a barge loaded with them! The smaller and shallower basins did not receive such extensive damage, but in nearly all one or more ships were sunk. Quays, beaches and approaches have been mined, and part of the West Mole has been blown up.

A hazardous part in the task of restoration has been played by a party of thirty-eight naval divers. They came into Cherbourg by road from one of the beaches and immediately got to work.

"The taking of Cherbourg was a feat of arms," wrote one correspondent with the Royal Navy. "The restoration of Cherbourg will be an achievement of cold, stark courage that will deserve an equally honoured place in history."

THE FIRST R.A.F. MEN TO ARRIVE IN CHERBOURG: The first British to enter Cherbourg were four R.A.F. members of an Embarkation Unit. They entered the town with the Americans and took up their headquarters by the quayside, so that as soon as port facilities are available, they will be able to handle all R.A.F. personnel and supplies arriving at our first continental port. Leader of the party is fifty-four-year-old Wing-Commander Leeroy L. Brown, D.F.C. of the last war, who was also R.A.F. Embarkation Officer in Cherbourg in 1939 and 1940 in an office 20 yards from where he is now at work. The four men are here seen on the roof of their headquarters overlooking the port. In the background is the wreckage of the Gare Maritime and Quai de France, blasted by air attacks. On the right is a shattered German pillbox. Near the wrecked buildings is a Red Cross Unit undamaged, believed to have been placed near the docks to prevent the target being attacked. From left to right, the men are: Flying-Officer A. G. R. Bremner, ex-fur trader from Hudson Bay; Wing-Commander Leeroy L. Brown, D.F.C., ex-mining executive from Vancouver; Flying-Officer G. H. M. O'Farrell, ex-Royal Artillery, from Portsmouth; and Sergt. R. Lawrence who used to be an engineer's accountant at Leamington Spa Warwickshire

Above and on right—**AMERICAN ARMY CLOTHES ARRIVE IN CHERBOURG. Soldiers of the U.S. Army Quartermaster Corps unload cases which have arrived at a newly-established clothing supply depot. As the American troops advance, a steady flow of all necessary equipment is sent across the Channel by air and by sea**

A VIEW OF ONE OF THE FORTRESSES which guarded the town and harbour of Cherbourg. The results of the Allied bombardment of this position are clearly seen in the above aerial picture

THIS WAS ANOTHER OF THE GERMAN DEFENCES, thought by the enemy to be impregnable: it formed part of the ring of forts with which town and harbour were surrounded on all sides

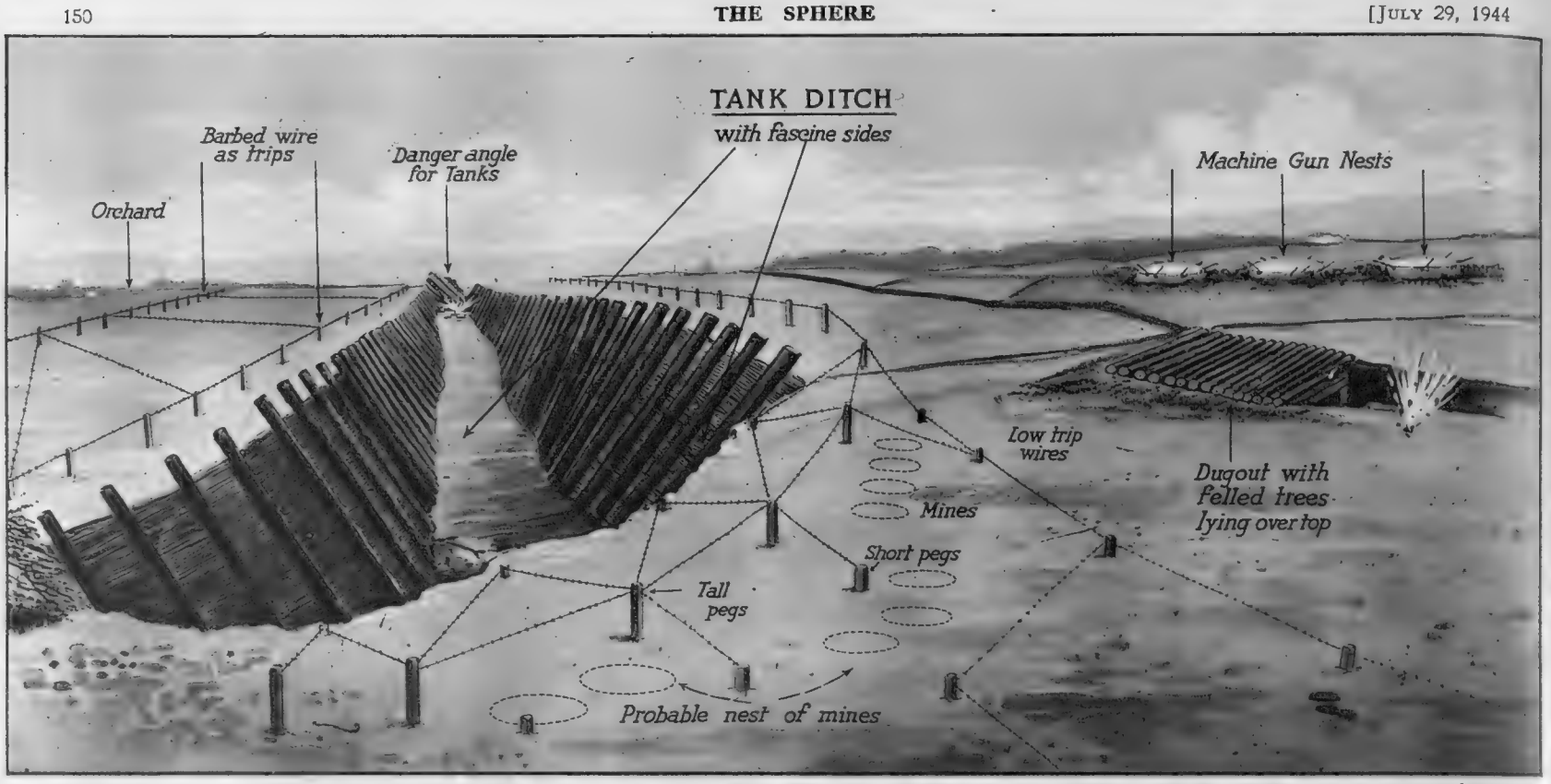
HANGARS USED BY THE "LUFTWAFFE" WRECKED BY ALLIED BOMBING. This picture was one of a series taken over Cherbourg shortly after the fall of that great harbour to the Americans

A VIEW OF PART OF THE DAMAGED DOCKS, where U.S. Army engineers are rushing the job of clearing and reconstructing the quays in order to land the supplies needed by the Allied Armies

AN AERIAL VIEW OF ONE OF THE GREAT FORTRESSES WHICH GUARDED THE ENTRANCES TO CHERBOURG HARBOUR. This was one of a number erected by the French and maintained by them until the German occupation. Cherbourg was captured as a result of the land operations carried out by the Americans; the fortresses, however, played a vital part in the German defence plans in holding off the approach of the Allied warships, which otherwise would have wrought heavy damage amongst the German garrison

DE-FUSING THE MINES IN CHERBOURG HARBOUR. As they are brought up from roadsteads and basins, this party of American experts render them harmless by removing the fuses. Thousands of these mines were sown by the enemy

A STRIKING PICTURE FROM ITALY showing the wreckage in a West Coast harbour. The town of Ornetello, once a German seaplane base, and the port of Piombino—both on Italy's western coast, between Civita Vecchia and Leghorn—were recently occupied by the Fifth Army. Wellington bombers of the R.A.F. had paid many visits to both places before their capture, and by their concentrated bombing caused heavy damage to the harbours and railway communications of each town. This picture shows how the small harbour of Piombino was found after the British entry: it was choked with sunken and half-submerged barges, tugs and small coastal craft. The moles and derricks on the quayside were also seriously damaged



A FAVOURITE DEVICE OF THE GERMANS: THE ENEMY DIG IN AT EVERY OPPORTUNITY. Here are some of the methods they employ—barbed-wire trip wires, tank ditches, machine-gun nests, etc. (See notes below)—*Drawing by B. C. Wood*

TANKS and OBSTACLES

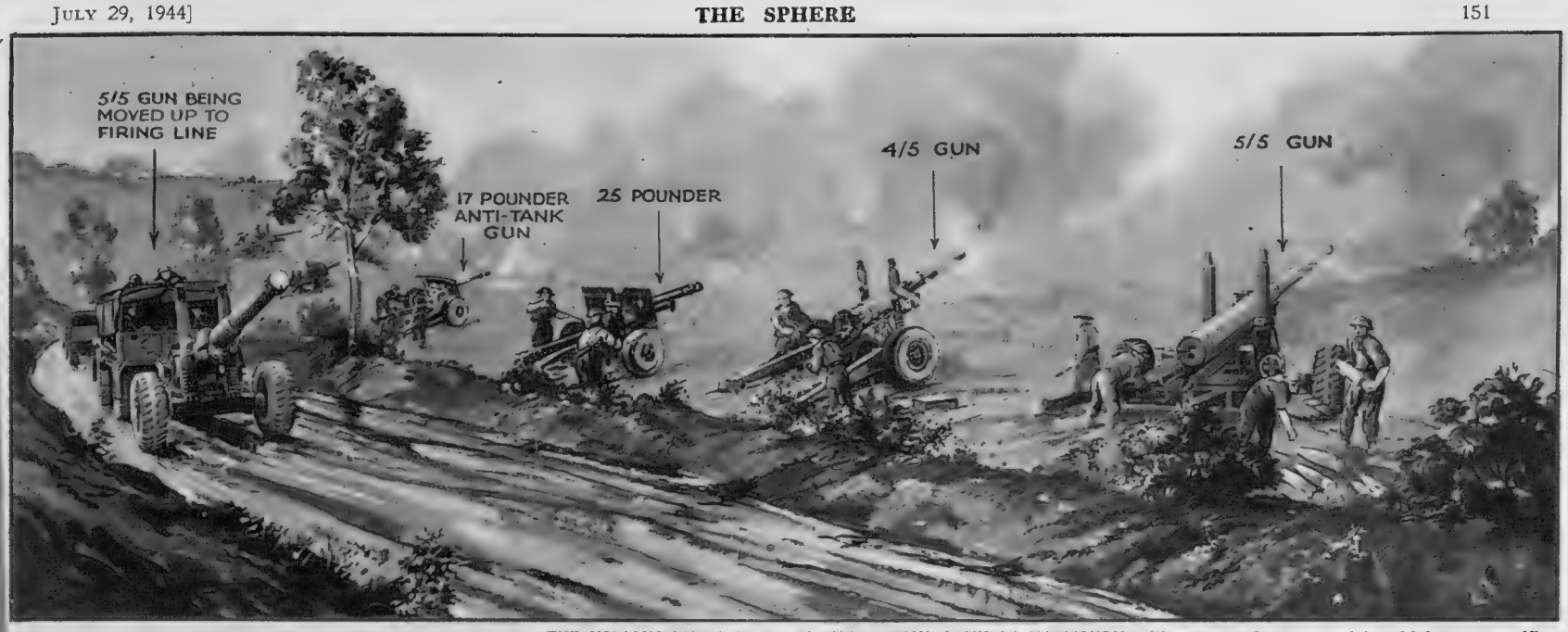
Drawings and Photographs showing Scenes from the Normandy and Italian Battle-zones

The Germans have proved adventurous enough in counter-attacking: on the other hand, they have shown a willingness to dig in in a very thorough manner, especially in a district which they consider to be a likely line of advance by the Allies. On the far bank of the Orne, for instance, the troops must have found difficulties with an elaborate chain of defences which the Germans have been constructing for some little time. The Orne itself is some 40 yards wide, and was a natural barrier of considerable strength; but the river was evidently only regarded as a frontal ditch. Here are some of the devices which our troops will have already found on the eastern bank of the river. Tank ditches of this description have been encountered. The depth is sufficient to make a crossing almost impossible for a tank; the sides are lined with stakes and brushwood in the old fascine style. Around the hollow a dense mass of trip wires, only a few inches from the ground and partly covered by grass, are arranged in a manner likely to cause trouble during a night attack. The advancing infantry would be under fire from mushroom-headed machine-gun posts; and further back would be the inevitable half-concealed tank with 88-mm. guns ready to rake the line of Allied troops as they came forward to the attack

A DUG-IN GERMAN TANK WHICH WAS KNOCKED OUT IN THE CAEN FIGHTING: its gun commanded the Lebisy-Caen road. Concealed in this manner, in the hull-down position, such a fighting weapon can wreak a good deal of damage. Usually there is an escape route for the tank to the rear—but in this case it received a direct hit and was rendered incapable of escape

AFTER THE ENTRY INTO CAEN: Two British tanks and an anti-tank gun in the centre of the city. In the background is the Cathedral. The British gun is a deadly instrument and has often brought about the downfall of the German Panzers in North Africa, Italy and Normandy. Note the new-type steel helmet worn by the gunners in this picture

EIGHTH ARMY SOLDIERS IN ITALY at work on maintenance and repair of tanks. After a hectic 300-mile dash through Italy, the tanks and other vehicles of an Armoured Division are having a complete overhaul. Some of the guns on the Shermans have fired over 1,000 rounds and, consequently, their barrels have now to be replaced. This work of refitting is being done by the R.E.M.E. section in Perugia. The picture shows the busy scene as the crews climb over their tanks, checking up on all vital parts



THE VARIOUS TYPES USED BY THE BRITISH ARMY IN NORMANDY. These are the guns with which our terrific successive barrages against the enemy's lines have been laid down in France in accordance with General Montgomery's assault preparations—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

THE GUNS WE USE

Embodying the lessons of many campaigns, the British artillery to-day may seem to represent a bewildering variety, but the backbone is provided by a few, well-tried types.

Hitherto we have heard most in the war of the heroic little 25-pounder "gunhow." But its old place as the most conspicuous weapon with our armies has undoubtedly been taken by the far more impressive and effective 4·5/5·5-in. medium field-gun. Officially known as the Dual Service Gun Howitzer, because it is equally effective as a lethal instrument and against fortified positions—being able to punch and lob—this weapon can throw a 100-lb. projectile at a range of over eight miles, exceeding its German counterpart by nearly 1,500 yards. The slightly smaller 4·5-in. type ranges up to 20,500 yards with a projectile of 55 lb.

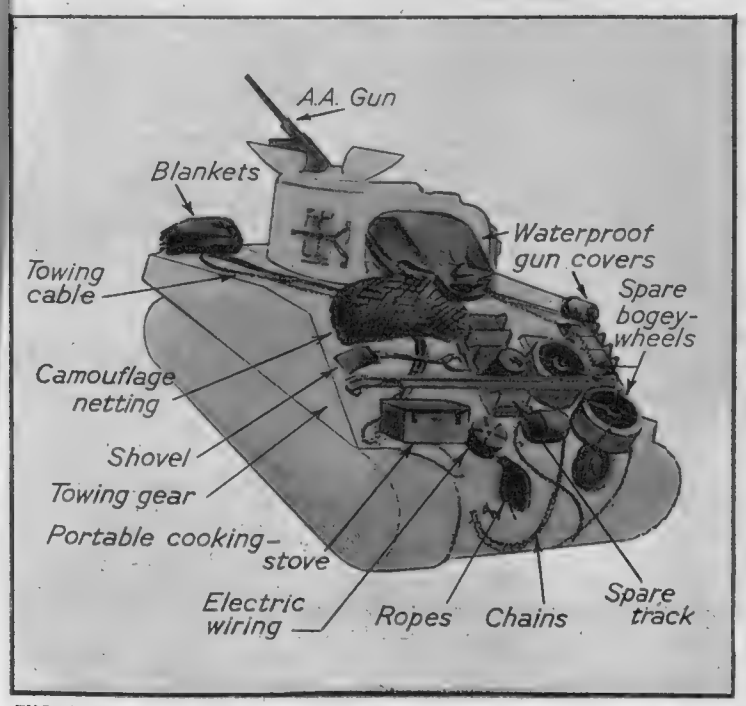
Almost of equal fame in this fighting is the 17-pounder anti-tank gun, which has now been proved capable of shooting to kill at 1,200 yards against hull-down tank targets—a remarkable feat. The gun has frequently been described: a novel aspect of its use in Normandy has been the armour-piercing shell.

We found early in the war that ordinary armour-piercing shot, when fired above a certain velocity, tended to shatter on striking the armour of the enemy tank. It was discovered that by fitting a special steel cap it was possible at greatly increased velocities to hold together the nose of the shot sufficiently long to allow it to begin to penetrate the armour-plate. These special caps had to have very blunt noses, and this resulted in an increasing resistance to the projectile during its travel through the air. To overcome this, a further pointed cap of light construction, destroyed on impact, was fitted in front of the armour-piercing cap.

Tried improvisations of the Western Desert, such as the Bishop—25-pounder gun on Valentine tank chassis—and the Priest—105-mm. gun-howitzer on a General Grant chassis—have invaded France in improved form. Our finest anti-aircraft guns have accompanied the troops, who have also been supported by our latest types of rocket artillery.

Perhaps the enemy has, as always, made the most effective use of mortars, but our troops have been particularly pleased with their new 4·2-in. version of this weapon, which provides the equivalent of relatively heavy artillery in forward positions. It fires a 20-lb. bomb 4,000 yards.

HEAVY GUNS IN ACTION IN FRANCE: 155-mm. guns manned by a battery of the Royal Artillery. When this picture was taken, they were firing at an enemy concentration south-west of Tilly-sur-Seulles and throwing up clouds of dust from the ground in the process



THE "COVERED WAGON" OF THE ARMY. Two vignettes showing how the big armoured fighting vehicles operate in the field. *On left*—The spares and luggage are carried on the outside of the tank. *On right*—How the tank is camouflaged when fighting in the Normandy wheat-growing country—*Drawings by B. C. Wood*

THE TANK IN ACTION—The story is told that a dear old lady, watching our tanks as they were entering the T.L.C.s at a south-coast port, wanted to know if it was right that they should go to battle in such an untidy condition. She pointed at the numerous articles which were lashed to the hulls.

But the same point must have occurred to many people quite seriously. It is not realised among laymen (1) what a variety of spare parts is required for instant use on the field by tanks; and (2) how little room there is inside a tank for these and for the personal luggage of the crew. In addition, few vehicles are so admirably adapted as the tank for carrying extra impedimenta. An average tank fighting in France to-day may have lashed to the outside of the hull a number of spare, rubber-tyred bogey wheels, extra rollers, an odd caterpillar track or two, several coils of rope and wire-rope, coils of electric wiring, spare wireless aerials and pennant-poles, petrol and oil cans, tool-boxes, camouflage nets, tarpaulins, boxes of composite rations, perhaps drums of water and a cooking-stove or two, besides a variety of kit for the crew.

In fact, everything possible *is* carried outside the tank. If the tank catches fire it is better that material should burn outside. Then the clever placing of rolls of blankets, as an example, may help to protect vulnerable chinks and crannies in the armour. Camouflage is assisted: and it is always preferable that a tank should look like a luggage-wagon rather than a tank. When infantry are fighting behind a tank they welcome the bundles and boxes, which help them to conceal themselves.

A tank is built to contain all its vitals within armour. The outside impedimenta makes not the slightest difference to its speed or punch—any more difference, that is, than a few suit-cases would make to a charging elephant.

EAST PRUSSIA and the MILITARY CASTE

The North German Officer Class, now Directly Threatened in its Homeland by the Advance of the Red Army

By CHARLES GRAVES

SINCE the day the Russians came within a few miles of East Prussia there has been much speculation in Whitehall as to when the German Supreme Command will press the button and, to change the metaphor, call it a day.

One section has thought that the isolation of East Prussia by the Polish Corridor after the last war might have resulted in a general feeling throughout the rest of the country that it was only as much Germany as the Channel Islands are British, but no more, so that its potential loss or scorching would not be too soul-searing. On the other hand, East Prussia has helped Silesia and Prussia proper to produce generations of hard, relentless, courageous, cold, calculating and thrifty officer families which have been the backbone of the German General Staff. These military families, like the Von Moltkes, Von Bismarcks, Von Falkenhausens, Von Hindenburgs, Von Arnims, Von Brauschitchs and Von Mackensens, have as their counterparts families of traditional industrialists. For both types war is, was and will be a genuine industry.

If any proof of this were needed, the annual German military stock-takings in 1939-42 provided it. At regular intervals a kind of national balance-sheet was published showing, on the credit side, the number of square miles of enemy land, tons of enemy goods and quantities of enemy slave labour with, on the debit side, the casualty list of German troops killed, wounded and missing. If ever the Biblical prophecy "Those who live by the sword shall perish by the sword" deserves to be fulfilled, it deserves to be now, with the Prussians and Silesians as the foreground for the fulfilment.

In the meantime, these families of feudal noblemen and yeoman farmers in North-Eastern and Eastern Germany are in a dilemma. There is no doubt that they are already planning another war. The question is, when to allow this one to end without loss of military honour. "Military honour" is the operative phrase. With their strange mentality, it is possible to lose a battle, a campaign, even a war, and still not lose military honour. The loss of military honour does not occur, even when you surrender, provided that the mathematical odds are against your cutting your way out. On the contrary, it is your business, really, to preserve your valuable life for the next war.

One or two instances of this have been provided in Normandy when German Colonels have asked for a token tank or token phosphorus bombs to be produced by the Allies so that they could "surrender honourably." Ludendorff did not lose caste in 1918 because he decided that the war could not continue, especially as the Armistice terms prevented Germany from being ravaged or Berlin being occupied. That is what the military caste fears most—that defeat may really be brought home to the mass of the German public so personally, with all its destruction and stark civilian suffering, that the future generations of potential victims will refuse next time to form the capital outlay for another military investment.

As it is, the bombing of German cities has prepared the way up to a point, but only up to a point. The German General Staff can claim, with truth, that the bomb damage was done literally over the heads of their Army, and so does not prove anything or tarnish their military honour. It may not have been good planning on the part of the *Luftwaffe* to allow such things to happen, they would say, but, equally, it was no fault of the Army. In any event, the Gestapo are keeping this particular form of discontent under control.

The idea of treating war as an ordinary industry is so alien to the British mind that we find it hard to understand. To us, a war is a break between periods of peace. To the Prussians and Silesians the reverse is the case. Peace is a necessary interval between wars—an interval to be usefully employed in preparing for the next campaign. This cold-blooded calculation is therefore to be watched and feared far more than the present hysterical Nazi phase, in which, temporarily, the Bavarians, Rhinelanders and other Southern Germans outherod Herod, and are more fanatically belligerent than the North German. Nazism, I repeat, is only a phase—however bloody-minded. But the North-German and East-German attitude towards war has existed since Frederick the Great, and even before him.

That is why this time we will have to show *all* Germany that war, like crime, does not pay. It may be physically and mentally impossible to convert the Prussian officer caste to this frame of mind; but no doubt the Russians will have a good try. In the meantime, we can, and must, persuade the rest of Germany that their much-vaunted professional Army has lost its professional honour, and that they themselves not only have lost the war, but must also suffer some of the same pain and tragedy which their Army has brought upon the civilian populations of their perfectly innocent and non-aggressive neighbours.

It must also be remembered that the North-German officer class, particularly its Generals and Field-Marshals, always have their eyes on history books of the future as well as of the past. Doubtless, many German Generals, whether or not they are now prisoners in British, American or Russian hands, envy General von Reichenau and other leaders, like Ernst Udet, who were killed by accident at a time when German arms were triumphant everywhere. They are most interested in what history will say about their personal exploits in the field, just as they themselves have been interested in Marshal Ney and others of Napoleon's Generals.

A conversation I had with Von Reichenau in July 1939 also made it clear to me that the top German Generals are exactly as interested in the lives of their men as managing directors of speculative businesses are in their shareholders. There is no humanity—it is just business. Obviously, they want to do well, with as big profits and as little outlay as possible. But, if the capital has to be watered or reorganisation is necessary, or retrenchments in expenditure are desirable—well, the matter is dealt with efficiently and calmly, if regretfully; but always with a view to the business picking up again as soon as possible.

The one thing they must avoid is any loss of confidence on the part of their shareholders, either now or in the future. And that is the one thing that we must spread. Nor should it be difficult. It has been truly said that East Prussia is the original Prussia, as distinguished from Brandenburg; "the symbol of the secular German ambition to export Teutonic culture into the Slavonic lands; the breeding-ground from which the mixed Slav-Teuton race brought into Mediæval Germany that creed of war and blood which we call Prussianism; the kernel of military Germany from Frederick the Great to Bismarck and Hindenburg."

The Nazis have fully identified themselves with this cult, and if they cannot defend the shrine successfully, the Prussian high-priests of military religion should be defrocked without undue trouble.

A GERMAN GENERAL WHO WAS SACKED. General von Kuechler, Commander on the Russian Northern Front, who was replaced by General Walter Nodel. Von Kuechler was sacked because he lost Hitler's favour by his failure to stop the Russian Leningrad offensive

LIEUT.-GENERAL VON MANTEUFFEL, Commander of the crack German Panzer Grenadier Division, "Greater Germany." He is the wearer of the "Oak Leaves with Swords" and one of Germany's leading fighting Generals

THE FANATICAL TYPE OF NAZI OFFICER: This is Skorzeny, a group leader of the S.S., who effected the rescue of Mussolini in September 1943. He is marked with the usual duelling scars on his cheeks, and since his exploit has toured Germany, giving talks and "making appearances"

BEFORE THE ATTEMPT ON HITLER'S LIFE: The Generals in whom he trusted. Present at this conference with their Führer were Marshal von Manstein (on extreme left), in command of the German armies on the South-Russian front, who was beaten back to the Rumanian borders; Colonel-General Ruoff, explaining a plan of campaign; General Zeitzler, of the High Command; and Marshal von Kleist, of the typical German officer class

A GERMAN GENERAL IN SWITZERLAND: The German General von Felbert is Commander-in-chief of the Besançon district in France: he is talking to a representative from Vallorbes (a Franco-Swiss border town) about the purchase and transportation of cattle from Switzerland into Occupied France. Recently a number of Swiss cattle have been sold to the Germans to help out the French food situation

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

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ASPECTS of the WAR by SEA and by AIR

BRITISH BEAUFIGHTERS CRIPPLE A WHOLE ENEMY CONVOY off the Norwegian coast: an armed trawler bursts into flames after a cannon attack by the aircraft. Flying through cloud down to the sea-level, Beaufighters of Coastal Command completely surprised a German convoy off the south coast of Norway on Saturday evening, July 15. One merchant vessel blew up after being set on fire, a cargo liner was hit with a torpedo, and an armed coaster was left burning, listing and sinking. Two other vessels were blazing, while the rest of the convoy was either on fire or damaged. One of the largest "strike" forces put into the air by Coastal Command took part in the operation. It was composed of Empire and R.A.F. squadrons

THE BATTLESHIP "RAMILLIES" CHANGES HER GUNS. This 29,000-ton battleship is now twenty-eight years old. During the naval bombardment in support of the invasion she fired over 1,000 rounds: she was used to break up the concentrations of German armour massing around Caen. The accuracy of the fire from her 15-in. guns was the subject of several congratulatory signals from other ships, including one from the battleship *Nelson*. This picture was taken whilst the warship's guns were being changed in a British port, and shows the huge weapons in the upper forward turret "B" being lifted out by special cranes

A REMARKABLE SIGHT WITNESSED RECENTLY AT A SOUTHERN PORT. Old salts gazing out to sea rubbed their eyes when they saw the sight depicted above. It was the stern half of a Tank Landing Craft towing her forward half into an English port after she had met with disaster whilst engaged in the task of reinforcing the Normandy beaches. The vessel had broken in two and, as the two halves both remained intact, the after part took the forward part in tow—and both portions were brought thus into a port on the South Coast. Although many fine feats of a similar nature have been reported on previous occasions, this will probably rank high among the unique salvage jobs of the present war!

AFTER THE CRUISER "BLACK PRINCE" HAD RETURNED FROM NORMANDY: A Wren tests the ship's telephone ready to be installed as soon as the warship tied up. One of the Navy's newest cruisers, H.M.S. *Black Prince*, supported the American advance on Cherbourg. For ten days she stood close inshore pin-pointing targets and answering gun-flash with gun-flash. She is now back, having suffered no casualties and bearing only the marks caused by the sea on her paintwork

A SEAPLANE MAKES A DRY-LAND TAKE-OFF IN ARIZONA: Hurtling down the desert runway, an American Navy seaplane—a Martin Mariner—is gathering speed to leave the bed of a dry lake in Arizona. This take-off was the first ever accomplished from land by a flying-boat of such size. The huge seaplane had crash-landed in the desert after one of its two motors had failed whilst in flight. The pilot was commended for his exceptional airmanship in getting the 20-ton aircraft down safely. The plane was turned over to a repair crew, and was then flown off in the manner shown above

THE AIRPORT OF "COCHRANE'S COMMANDOS" IN BURMA: This airfield is located near the Japanese positions in the jungle. In the view, two of the light planes used by the 1st Air Commando are being prepared for flight. Their job is to supply the advanced columns of Allied troops and Chindit forces operating behind the Jap lines: and also to evacuate the wounded. They are under the command of Colonel Philip Cochrane. Out of the picture to the right, the Japs were within mortar range of the airfield

NEW LAMPS and OLD

A Fortnightly Causerie on Life and Letters

By JOHN GORE

INCOME TAX.—The History-without-tears of a National Burden.—Income tax—Schedules A to E—what curses and sweat and rage and sorrow have these words evoked in the past 150 years! In the first months of P.A.Y.E. it is mildly interesting to trace the history of what was, from its first inception as the "Property tax," the cause of fulminations, fury and Jeremiads. Its invention (of the devil) is usually charged up to Pitt—a war expedient. Actually, it was born in 1435, and learned to walk in 1450. Then it was forgotten until 1798, when William Pitt revived it to obtain the means of waging war. Nothing he ever did made him more unpopular with the Whigs. By an Act of 1799, a duty of 10 per cent. on all incomes from whatever source was imposed, above £60 per annum, with reliefs up to £200. The tax produced five times the revenue of the first effort.

But it was grossly unpopular and was repealed at the Peace (of Amiens). War soon broke out again, and in 1803 it was revived with "taxation at the source." The new safeguard against shirkers doubled the receipts. The Act of 1803 also gave birth to those horrible Schedules A to E!

In 1806 Henry Petty (Lord Lansdowne) was the young Chancellor. He planned to double the rate, which had been reduced to 5 per cent. It is amusing to quote a letter written to him by Creevey at this time (a letter which Petty coldly ignored and which caused a coolness between the two friends) :—

"I have thought with great uneasiness of your intention of raising the Property (i.e., Income) Tax to 10 per cent. . . . Rely upon this, that of all existing taxes the Property Tax is the most odious. It is new (or was so when first imposed) in its nature to the people of England and the one . . . most offensive to the general feelings of the Country. It is Pitt's Child and it was worthy of him . . . and now we are to adopt it in more frightful form. . . .

"Upon my soul, 'Petty, I dread such a beginning of your reign. It has all the air of the oppressive, unfeeling policy of the Grenvilles."

As Creevey prophesied, the people "turned away from it in disgust," and when Waterloo ended the War again, this hateful war expedient was repealed once more, and all the documents connected with it were ordered to be burned!

Peel's Unlucky Recollection.—And then in 1842 Peel remembered its horrible efficiency, and this time no longer as a "war expedient." From that date it has a continuous tyrannical career, swelling and developing in Acts of '94, '97, '98, 1907, '09 and '10 and (with knobs on) to 1941!

Before 1909 this "frightful impost" rose as high as 1s. 4d. in the £ and fell as low as 2d.! In 1906 one penny on Income Tax was estimated to produce an additional 2½ million pounds of revenue. And to my recollection every increase proposed this century produced Creevey-like jeremiads and groans and cat-calls. What need to speak of the refinements of torture from super-tax to E.P.D.! The Chancellors have all realised the worth of this form of torture and the hated "penny" impost is now cheerfully borne by the patient ass (as a war expedient, of course), multiplied 120 times (or, in some cases, about 230 times!). The Jeremiahs have never ceased to cry out, and to pay up. Before its extermination after Waterloo, March 1816, the Bogey was due in the House. Creevey was living in Belgium. Lord Sefton—"the pet" who was perhaps Creevey's half-brother on the right side of the blanket—wrote him an S.O.S. to come over and help to kill it. Sefton enjoyed at the time an income of about £20,000 a year unencumbered. He wrote :—

"The Property tax comes on on Monday. They don't expect to carry it by above twenty, and I don't believe, if common exertion is used, they can carry it at all. Come immediately. . . . I meditate living abroad to save money. You must tell me what one can do at Brussels upon only £7,000 a year."

Creevey duly hurried over and his dagger helped to kill the tyrant. All great fun, you must admit, these Croesus groans and King-Jog Jeremiahs. (For Lambton and Ward, with £40,000 and £120,000 a year, were in no less paroxysms of despair.) And so it has gone on, through Gladstone's and Lloyd George's and Wood's and Anderson's Budgets, and still it seems the ceiling is never reached, and still the wolf is kept from the castle door.

Throughout the Victorian era, whenever a Radical Government held sway, a rise of a penny or two in Income Tax constantly evoked the usual jeremiads from the wealthier classes, the eternal cries of ruin and despair. You may listen to them in all the memoirs and political biographies of that great era and smile the superior smile of experience. The Pets and the King-Jogs continued to enjoy their wealth and privilege, their grouse moors and grouses, to the end of the Edwardian Age.

If it be true that Radical Budgets finally emasculated the power of the Upper House (when it threw out Lloyd George's Budget of 1909), it is fair to those Lords of Privilege to recall how many drastic left-wing bills they suffered to pass into law: workmen's compensation, miners' eight-hour, children's charters, health and other insurance, unemployment, sweated industries, education, and so forth.

A New Set of Harness?—Was it perhaps this last straw (taxation unsoundly levied) which broke the camel's back and patience and potence—at last? Upon my soul, there is colour for the theory! We have cheerfully, during many years of war, paid half our income to the State for the production of weapons purely destructive. We shall inevitably for years to come pay only a little less to produce what we hope may be constructive social benefits.

ONE OF THE GREATEST OF RECENT TRAGEDIES IN THE UNITED STATES: On July 6, 10,000 people were gathered together under the biggest "big top" in the world at Hartford, Connecticut, to witness a matinee performance of the famous Ringling Bros. and Barnum and Bailey Circus. Suddenly fire broke out in the tent, and within seconds the whole roof was ablaze. The death-roll was announced later as 135—all but five of whom were women and children: the injured numbered 200. Many of the deaths were caused by spectators being trampled to death in the stampede which followed the disaster. This picture was taken from the air just after the tragedy: it shows the three arena rings, and the charred poles and seats which now alone mark the site of the catastrophe

A SCENE FROM THE BUSINESS HEART OF NEW YORK CITY. All eyes are being directed at the men working on the demolition of the Brooklyn Bridge entrance to the now-extinct Elevated Train platforms. The placard borne by the man on the right declares that "Men are wanted to build ships," thus testifying to the man-power shortage in the United States brought about by war conditions. The picture is otherwise notable for the fact that there is not a single woman visible!

The Curse on the Publicans.—Myself, who am no King-Jog, I could forgive the expenditure of my income in taxes, but I cannot forgive the tax on my grey-cells. I cannot believe that the wit of man is incapable even now of simplifying those atrocious schedules. I refuse to believe that any form of taxation is sound taxation if the explanation of it leaves an honest man of average education (I call myself a man of average honesty and of average education) always uncertain year after year whether he has defrauded the Exchequer or been defrauded by the Exchequer. I think the Civil Servants charged with explication and collection of Income Tax are in the main just, efficient and humane. Yet these admitted attributes are, to me, positive proof that the tax as levied is an unsound tax, because their best efforts utterly fail with men of average education. It is truly outrageous that the average citizen of small means should be compelled to pay an expert to overlook and prepare his assessment to taxation, to teach him annually his rights and liabilities as a good citizen. The ancient curse on the Publicans remains in force until simplification is achieved.

But I doubt much if we shall continue to pay as cheerfully what should be more cheerfully paid, if nothing be done to simplify and clarify the methods whereby we are assessed, and to remove the curse which still and forever hangs on the name of publicans and tax-gatherers.

The latest trends towards social betterment—the provision of better education, roads, light, power, water, houses, health services—have inextricably mixed up the junctions of central and of local government in providing, and finding the means to provide, public services.

The ordinary tax- and ratepayer has come to the conclusion that central and local taxation might now be combined in a single levy—to be adjusted by national accountants as between central and local authorities.

The patient ass has a newly-revived sense of the duty of citizenship, and justly considers that one pair of traces, and not a complication of ropes and straps, carrots and whips, could and should be provided to harness him to his burden. Are we indeed to be compelled to admit that the wit of living Ministers can devise no more convenient and efficient harness than that devised 140 years ago, and clumsily patched in every following decade?

If that be so, let us abandon civilised government and ordered democracy, and let us take to the woods and feed on chestnuts.

OLD LONDON BRIDGE, CROWDED WITH HOUSES: In the foreground is the old church of St. Mary Overy, now Southwark Cathedral. This is part of the model constructed for the film of "Henry V"

LONDON in the OLD DAYS

The Large Model Just Acquired by the L.C.C. from a Film Company

A large model of Old London, in Shakespeare's time, has just been presented to the London County Council by Two Cities Films. It was constructed for the film in technicolor of Shakespeare's *Henry V.*, and is now in the Conference Hall at County Hall. The model took nearly a year to complete, and measures about 70 ft. by 50 ft.: it is largely based on Visscher's map-view of London in the early seventeenth century and shows a stretch of London north of the Thames from the Tower of London to Ludgate Hill, including Old St. Paul's, the City Churches and the Guildhall. There is a fine reproduction of Old London Bridge with its 20 arches and drawbridge and its high structures overhanging the parapets. In the foreground south of the river is Bankside, with the famous Globe Theatre, where many of Shakespeare's plays were first presented

THE OLD GLOBE THEATRE AT BANKSIDE, where Shakespeare's plays were first presented in the days of Queen Elizabeth—an important feature of the model presented to the London County Council

THE THAMES QUAYSIDE IN TUDOR DAYS, as seen from the south. The model took nearly a year to complete: it measures about 70 ft. by 50 ft., and is based on an early seventeenth-century map-view

THE WOMEN'S TECHNICAL SERVICE REGISTER: A trainee learns to understand the control mechanism of a lorry. There is a great need for intelligent women to fill many fascinating jobs, both in industry and in the technical branches of Government departments. The Women's Technical Service Register enrols trainees for such work: those with the right qualifications are interviewed at the Appointments Office, and later they are assigned to special courses in a Government Training Centre or Technical College. One such course is the "background course," which introduces the novice to the mysteries of engineering workshop practice, and teaches her to understand blueprints and technical terms. The lady in the picture above is Miss D'Arcy, a "background course" trainee: from the pictorial diagram she is learning to understand the control mechanism of a lorry. Miss D'Arcy is an artist and interior decorator in peacetime, but she will soon become an assistant estimator and rate-fixer

THE LOOE COMMANDOS SHOW THEMSELVES IN CORNWALL: A "court-martial" in progress. Boy Commandos almost "stole the show" at the opening ceremony at Looe during the "Salute the Solder" Week recently. The Commandos are a number of evacuee boys at the Fieldhouse Hostel: under their fourteen-year-old Major they were given a prominent place in the procession. They received a tumultuous welcome from the crowds lining the streets. The Boy Commandos wear a complete uniform, with the appropriate shoulder-flashes. For some weeks past they have been in strict Commando training in preparation for their public appearance

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

THE LATEST FROM THE PUBLISHERS' LISTS

Rafael Sabatini's Historical Novel; A Correspondent in Leningrad; The Iliad Retold; A Talking Dog; Small-Town Doctor; Romance in Switzerland

MR. RAFAEL SABATINI has weighed in this week with a new historical romance that has all the authentic detail and sense of period that we have learned in the last twenty years or so to expect from him. **KING IN PRUSSIA** (Hutchinson. 9s. 6d.) is the story of an exiled English nobleman who befriends Frederick of Prussia when he is Crown Prince, but is forced to leave the State. Years later he acts as spy against Frederick the King in revenge for the latter's perfidy.

The portrait that Mr. Sabatini gives of the King is an excellent one, but it is not as Frederick the Great that he sees him—in fact, the novel is far more the story of the Marquess of Alverley, a gentleman of Jacobite sympathies who has been forced to leave England when his shrewish wife betrayed him to George I. Alverley seeks out his cousin, Von Katte, in Prussia, who generously uses his influence to obtain the penniless exile a commission in the army of Frederick William.

The two young men enjoy the confidence of the Crown Prince Frederick, a pretentious, gallicised weakling, despised and humiliated by his father, and treated by him with contemptuous brutality. When Frederick is goaded by his father's continued persecution into a plot to escape abroad, Von Katte does his best to dissuade him, and indeed, the plot is exposed, and the Prince imprisoned. Under a threat of execution, Frederick treacherously declares that Katte was his adviser, and when Frederick is pardoned, the staunch Von Katte is executed, and Alverley flies to France with Dorothea, the girl whom he loves.

After ten years of poverty but some happiness with Dorothea, Alverley enters into a plot himself. This time it is to return to Prussia, to win back Frederick's confidence and to act as spy for the French Cardinal, Fleury. This he does, reporting faithfully on all the King's vain and perfidious moves till he is arrested, threatened with death, and only released after a final tempestuous scene with Frederick, whose conscience over Von Katte is still vulnerable.

The story ends with Alverley's return to England imminent, and with Frederick exposed as one of the prime double-crossers in history. Nobody does this kind of thing quite as well as Mr. Sabatini.

BOMBED OUT FROM LONDON, and now in Blackpool: George Bradley is a London organ-grinder who was rendered homeless by a flying bomb. He has now arrived in Blackpool—with his undamaged organ, his personal belongings and his kitten. Here he is seen playing outside a Blackpool public-house within half-an-hour of his arrival from London

TWO "ORPHANS OF THE STORM": A cat and her kitten rescued from beneath tons of debris after a recent flying-bomb explosion in London. Both had their injuries attended to by first-aid parties

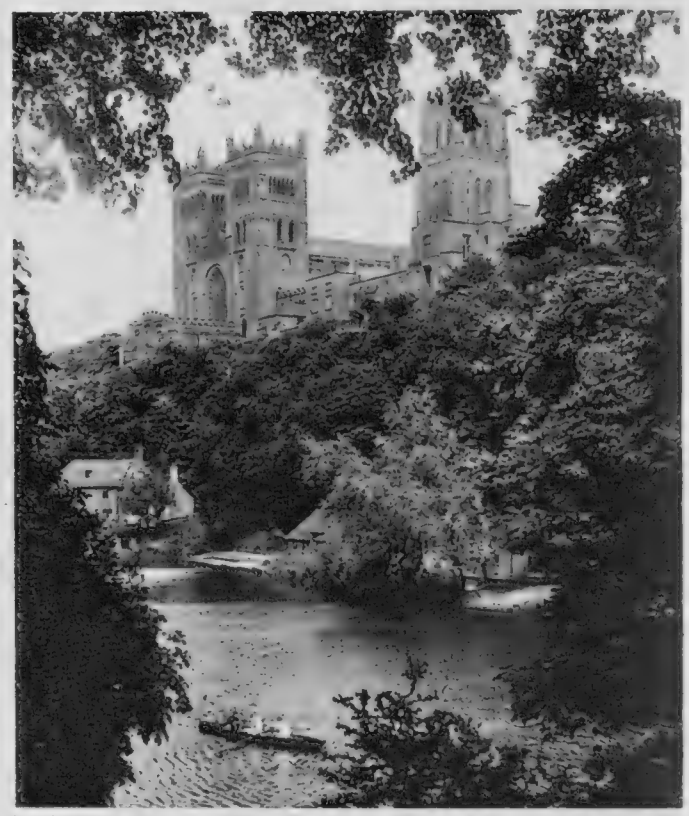
What distinguishes Mr. Alexander Werth from other correspondents on the Russian front is that he is, himself, a Russian. It was particularly appropriate that he should be the only representative of a British newspaper to visit Leningrad during the blockade, for he was born there (when it was called St. Petersburg) and spent the first sixteen years of his life in the city. In **LENINGRAD** (Hamish Hamilton. 10s. 6d.), he has written an account of the blockade of the city, which is one of the most magnificent chapters in Russian war history.

As a man with Russian blood in his veins, he writes with all the anger and bitterness that inspired that heroic resistance. To him, too, the visit was one of discovery. He found traces of the city of his youth, but he declares with pride that Leningrad is more than a name: the modern city has a soul of its own, and its terrible twenty-nine months of blockade have only made its identity more positive.

Against those seemingly endless months, Mr. Werth spent only five days there in September 1943, but while he was there he was observing and recording with the eyes of a brilliant journalist. The shelling and bombing still continued, but the famine had been mastered. During the siege there were periods without electricity, water, coal, oil or food. Just as an account of how it is possible for a city to survive such conditions, this narrative is of compelling interest.

Lutte a outrance—Mr. Werth keeps thinking of the phrase, and he discovers what it means. The aristocratic city of Peter the Great was transformed into an impregnable fortress, dedicated only to survival and resistance, yet Mr. Werth found the ancient culture still alive there.

This is one of the best accounts I have read of the formidable courage of the Russian people.



A CATHEDRAL VIEW THREATENED AT DURHAM by the proposal to erect a giant electrical plant on the outskirts of the city. A protest against the proposed erection of a huge generating plant at Kepier has been made by the Dean, Dr. C. A. Alington, who maintains that it will spoil the famous view of the cathedral and castle. The scheme calls for the erection of two chimneys of 350 ft. and three cooling towers of 260 ft.: these would seriously impair the amenities of the city and ruin the view seen above, says Dr. Alington. The subject has aroused widespread attention in Durham and generally throughout the country

Mr. George Baker has had the excellent idea of retelling the *Iliad* more or less straightforwardly as the background to the love-story of a Trojan warrior. **FIDUS ACHATES** (Cresset Press. 7s. 6d.) is written in clean and pleasant prose, and those who have forgotten the details of the classic story will enjoy it, and find in it none of the facile vulgarity with which the subject has been treated as fiction in the past ten years.

The author omits the supernatural elements and glosses over the fantastic: thus, the Trojan horse becomes a realistic engine of war. His book can be read as a modern novel and enjoyed just because it is such a darn good story. The faithful Achates' renunciation of his lovely Œnone is perhaps a little too good to be true, even if he did decide that Helen of Troy wasn't his type, but on the whole, his loyalty to Paris is made acceptable.

There is wit and humour in abundance, but the dignity of the legend is preserved. Don't forget this one when you 're making out that library list.

I am completely baffled by Mr. Olaf Stapledon's novel **SIRIUS** (Secker and Warburg. 8s. 6d.), which is described as a fantasy of love and discord. This line is incompletely descriptive; those emotions are there all right, but they relate to a girl and a dog. Sirius is a sheepdog with an artificially enlarged brain, and he is brought up with the children of a scientist.

The dog develops human instincts and intelligence, and even learns to speak, to read and to compose music. Now here, as early as page 40, is where my confusion begins. I cannot help feeling that the following passage is hilariously funny, or that the author's intention was serious.

"A supple and mellow voice was Sirius's only medium of expression. He often longed to play some instrument, so as to be able to introduce harmony into his experiments, but his tragic lack of hands prevented him. Sometimes he sat at the piano trying to finger out a two-note accompaniment to his singing, but his paws were far too clumsy to do even this properly. . . . But presently his buoyant spirits would revive, and he would resolve that, if instrumental music must remain for ever impossible to him, he would do new and marvellous things with his voice."

What he does in fact are new and marvellous things with his teeth, for he kills successively a pony, which he eats, a sheep and at last a man. None of this daunts his human girl-friend Plaxy, who hugs and caresses him after his killings, and rejects a human lover because of the dog's justifiable jealousy. Only in the end, when Sirius is shot, does Plaxy heave a sigh "of love and compassion, but also of relief," which was as nothing to my relief.

A CERTAIN DOCTOR FRENCH (Collins. 8s. 6d.) is about a nasty piece of goods in one of the Southern States of America. He is a drunken and incompetent doctor in a gossiping, small-town community, and beyond a certain slick and readable quality, neither he nor his murderous intentions, nor the beautiful lady who detects them, have much interest for English readers. This is not an excessively chauvinistic theory; it is simply that we have our own chatty little communities, and that they make more sense to us than anything as exotically set as this.

Miss Elizabeth Seifert shows a certain humour, however, particularly in the lines she quotes as the motif for her novel:

"Though people in the city
Incline to run it down,
Life is not monotonous
In a little town.
One may not see so much, my dears,
But—whee-ee-ee—the things one hears!"

ANDREAS AT SUNDOWN (Hale. 10s. 6d.) would be a prosaic-enough romance if it were not for its setting in the Swiss mountains, and the colour and authority that the author brings to their description and to the stories of great climbs among them. Mr. Hugh Merrick is evidently writing of a country he knows and loves when he describes the light on the Finsteraarhorn and the dangers of the foot-by-foot passage of glaciers, or 5,000-ft. rock cliffs. But for this knowledge and appreciation of the physical scene, his Andreas, a guide in Grindelwald, might have been rather a dull fellow. He had been married, and happily married. He had had three daughters, and he had been the lover of a beautiful English woman who had borne him a son after she slipped back to England and her own life.

Andreas had never hoped to marry her himself even after his wife's death, because that was the diffident kind of guide he was. Bold as a mountain lion on the ice and rock, he was modest almost to timidity with his English Linda, and the serenity and unworldliness which seemed to appear so admirable to the author are dangerously near smugness.

But the mountain stuff is fine.

Haig

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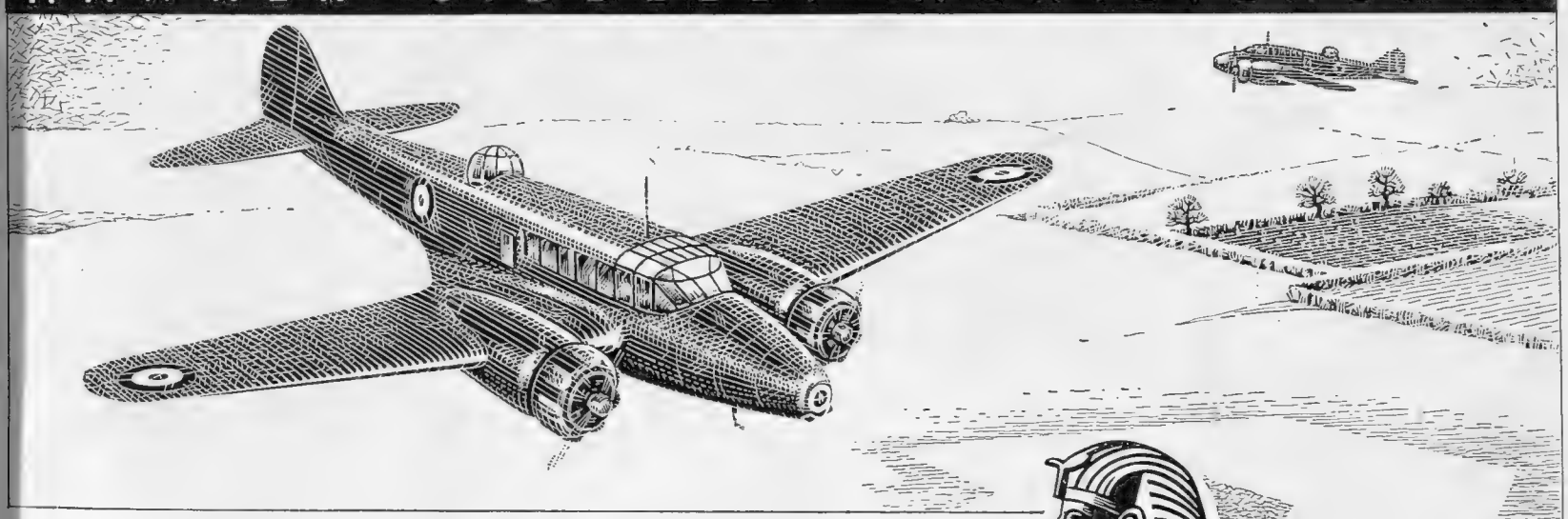

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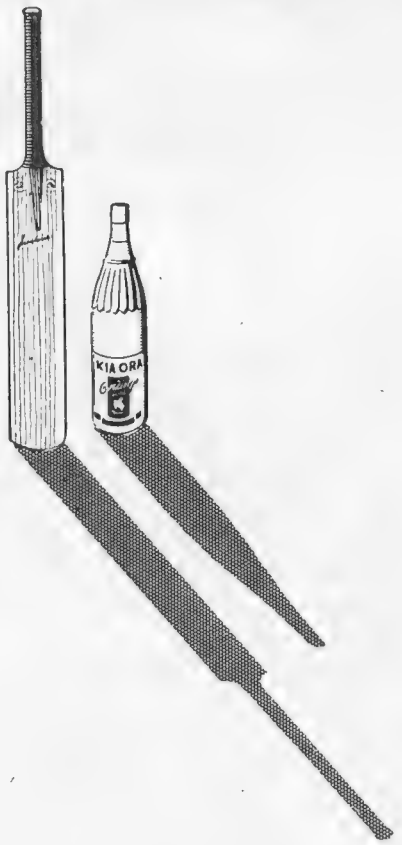

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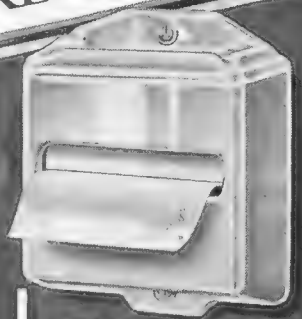

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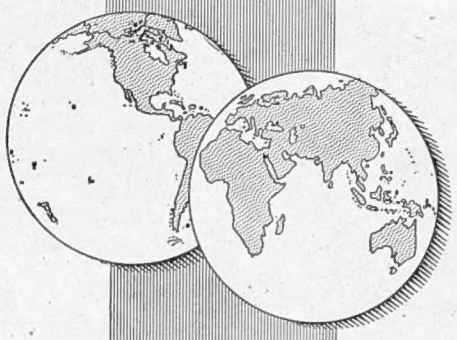

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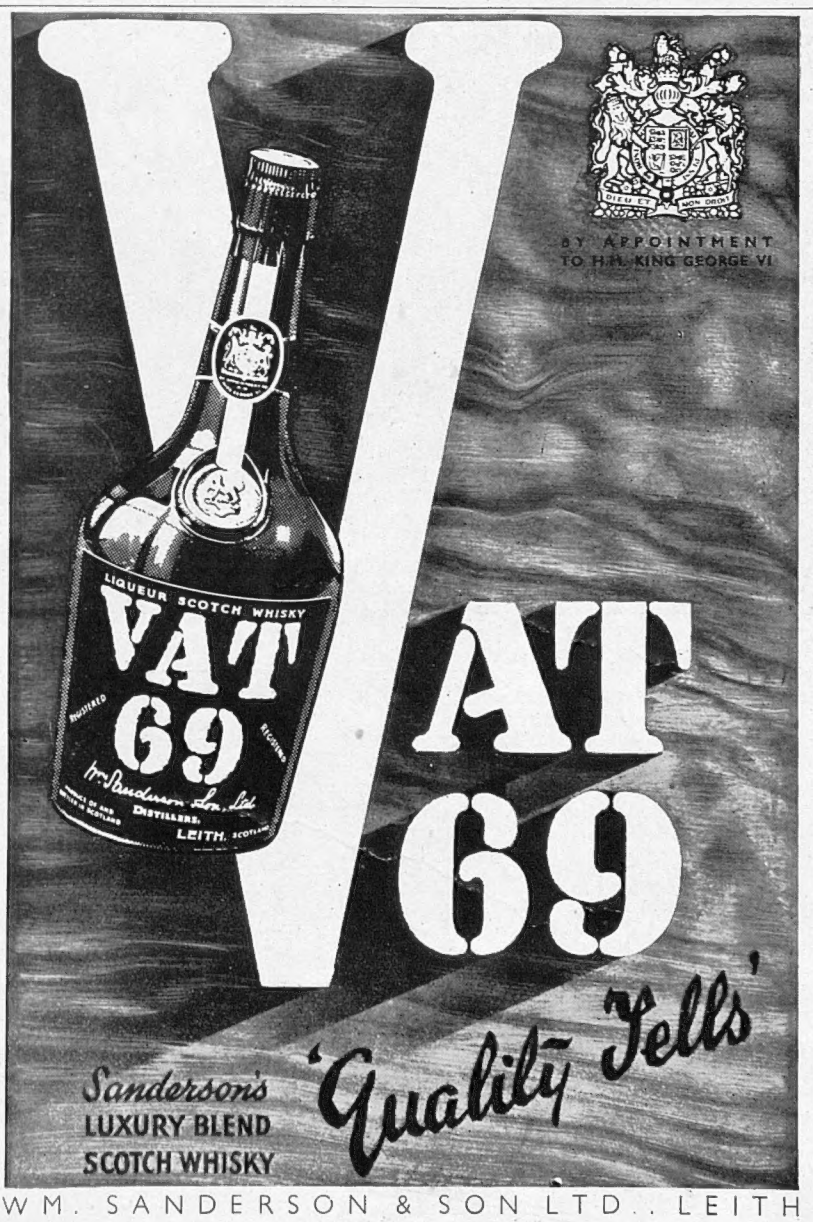

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